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PERIODICALS DEPARTMENT

EDITORIAL

CAROLINA SHOWDOWN

The South always presents America with its most poignant myths, and the senatorial campaign in North Carolina promises an encounter of mythic dimensions. Liberal, black, pro-choice, pro-gay Harvey Gantt won the Democratic runoff primary in a landslide and will challenge Republican Jesse Helms, who represents everything retrograde and repressive in American politics today. The clash of symbols and sentiments could not be more resounding.

Gantt, a former Mayor of Charlotte, had no easy ride to the nomination [see Barry Yeoman, "Black Hope in North Carolina," May 14]. His major opponent, Mike Easley, got funds from out-of-state liberals convinced that only a white man had a chance against Helms. Most of the national political news media ignored the quixotic black candidate. But Gantt put together a coalition of local progressives and activists with a lot of help from a few well-heeled bankers and business types who believe that Helms's troglodyte ways are inappropriate to the state's New South image. Gantt swamped Easley by nearly twenty points in the June 5 runoff.

Liberals who have cowered under the jackboot of Helms's hegemony for years are optimistic, and recent polls suggest that Gantt could knock the old man off. But the challenger has some serious problems. Turnout in the runoff among white rural voters was very low, indicating that many of them are thinking Republican.

Gantt's appeal to whites has been limited so far to liberals in Charlotte and in the Raleigh-Durham-Chapel Hill enclave. In a debate he chastised Easley for taking one-third of his contributions from union PACs and announced that he favored antilabor right-to-work laws. That may stand him in good stead with his own bankers and businessmen, but he'll need to organize a broader class base to win the prize.

WHY I WON'T REFUSE AN N.E.A. GRANT
William O'Rourke

FIDEL'S STILL IN CHARGE
Saul Landau

JAPAN'S ANTI-KOREAN LAWS
Deborah Sklar

ART AND EROS
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THE JANET MALCOLM CASE
Catharine R. Stimpson

THE RAP ON PUBLIC ENEMY
Gene Santoro

THE SACHS PLAN IN POLAND

CAPITALIST SHOCK THERAPY

JON WIENER

It has been almost six months since Poland's Solidarity government adopted the capitalist shock treatment prescribed by Harvard economist Jeffrey Sachs—time for an initial assessment of the "Sachs plan" and of the 36-year-old professor the *Los Angeles Times* called "the Indiana Jones of economics." Sachs, like other privatizers and marketeers, calls for eliminating all subsidies and controls and opening Poland's economic doors to unfettered capitalism. What makes his plan distinctive is the ferocious speed, indeed the ruthless abandon, with which the "reforms" have been put into effect. Sachs persuaded Poland's leaders to gamble their country's future on one gigantic dose of free-market medicine. Everyone agrees that Poland's economic health will be affected; the question is, for better or for worse? Sachs has said his goal is to create a thriving Slavic Sweden, but others foresee a bleak Baltic Bolivia. At this point, the Swedish future looks extremely unlikely.

The first requirement of the Sachs plan, its author explained in *The Economist* in January, is the rejection of "any lingering ideas about a 'third way'" between Soviet-style command economies and American-style capitalism; Poland must not experiment with democratic controls, public ownership, market socialism, cooperatives or worker self-management. The country is to establish a market economy in a single year, 1990, by abolishing price controls and subsidies, ending all restrictions on private enterprise, privatizing state-run firms, balancing the budget, making the currency

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EXCHANGE.

'Fetal Rights,' and Wrongs

'BRAVA'

Brooklyn, N.Y.
Katha Pollitt's "A New Assault on Feminism" [March 26] was worth the year's subscription and more. The piece was so brilliant, so powerful and so badly needed I was torn betweeen admiration, gratitude and envy for not having written it myself. Brava, and thank you. *Jessica Greenbaum*

HISS

Anaheim, Calif.
The utter hate that motivated Katha Pollitt's attack on helpless, irreparably brain-damaged infants caused by the irresponsible, callous behavior of their mothers during pregnancy reveals the sociopathic mentality of feminism! *Gloria Giardina*

HYSTERIA

Flushing, N.Y.
I simply want to congratulate *The Nation* and Katha Pollitt on a fascinating and well-argued article about "fetal rights." . . . My mother drank through five very successful pregnancies. So did a majority of mothers of those walking around today. Can't we just rely on the overwhelming evidence this fact provides at least to temper the outrageous hysteria about smoking and drinking? *John S. Ransom*

FUNDAMENTAL WRONGS

Silver Spring, Md.
Katha Pollitt's article was one of the finest and most important pieces ever published in *The Nation*. Clearly the fetal rights/anti-choice movement is less interested in healthy, wanted children than in maintaining male dominance over women. It is no coincidence that the antichoice movement is led mainly by fundamentalist-tending leaders of religious groups that refuse to ordain women and that quite often condemn "artificial" birth control and the right of couples to dissolve failed marriages. *Edd Doerr*
Americans for Religious Liberty

WHOLE LIFE RIGHTS

Urbana, Ill.
Katha Pollitt's article was very one-sided. Her use of extreme and rare cases depicts the entire pro-life movement as a bunch of right-wing religious fanatics who wish to downgrade the position of women in society. It is very important to distinguish between the pro-life movement and the antiabortion movement, since many antiabortionists are not really pro-life on a wide range of issues.

There are organizations such as Evangelicals for Social Action and JustLife that are sensitive to the plight of women facing an unwanted pregnancy and to the economic hardships which make abortion seem to be the only viable option. They work to protect the sanctity of human life at every point in its existence, from conception to death, by supporting programs and policies that offer health care, child care and adoption services to single parents. *Mike Nacrelli*

GENDER POLICE

New Haven, Conn.
Katha Pollitt forcefully assesses how concern over substance use during pregnancy is combined with "fetal rights" to suppress women's civil rights and personal autonomy. A bill before the Connecticut Legislature illustrates her point. Promoted by its female drafters as the "nonpunitive" alternative, the bill would require health providers to test and question pregnant women about drug use during pregnancy and report positive findings to child protective services for investigation and possible removal of the children to foster care.

If anything, Pollitt understates the punitive dimensions of current trends. She notes the paucity of treatment beds for pregnant women. If current proposals are funded, there will be twenty such beds in Connecticut. The Women's Clinic at Yale–New Haven Hospital alone sees well over 1,000 pregnant women annually who use cocaine once a week or more. Pollitt might have added that the distress posed to the fetus by the mother's withdrawal from cocaine is as great as the dangers of withdrawal to the newborn. The risks of in utero exposure to methadone, the primary treatment available for addicts, are greater still. Thus, even if drug treatment was available, the woman who decides not to abort really has no "safe" choice, hardly a dilemma for which she should be punished. Then too, since the prevalent treatment model makes no provision for day care, many low-income women have to place their children in foster care to enter treatment.

Perhaps Pollitt is wise to avoid an added issue, that the evidence of harm from the casual use of controlled substances has been greatly exaggerated. Also, research on the long-term health effects of regular cocaine use are far too inconclusive to support the dramatic assumptions upon which punitive legislation is based. One major study found no significant difference between children of addicted and nonaddicted mothers after two years.

The risks associated with alcohol and cigarettes are better known, but use of these substances during pregnancy has declined dramatically. In any case, since government subsidies of these substances raise nasty questions of liability, they are avoided in most current legislation.

Battering is the single most common background factor for addicted pregnant women. A recent Philadelphia study found that 70 percent of addicted pregnant women were in abusive relationships, compared with 17 percent of nonaddicted pregnant women. Other research indicates that the violence precedes the onset of substance abuse in the vast majority of cases, supporting the belief that substance use is a form of self-medication against a violent or otherwise life-threatening situation at home for millions of women. Sexual assault, sexually transmitted disease (including AIDS) and child abuse are common in these relationships, but gender-biased laws target the mother for blame, not her assailant. Obviously, giving women the protection and support they need to say no would go much further than punishment to insure the health and safety of their children. *Evan Stark*

MEN (ONLY) AT WORK

Chicago
As Katha Pollitt points out in her article, fetal protection policies whereby companies exclude all women of childbearing age from working with certain chemicals are nothing more than a method of eliminating women from high-paying blue-collar jobs. Twenty million women workers could eventually be affected if the courts continue to decide that these policies don't constitute sex discrimination.

In the lead industry, companies claim that they are concerned only about protecting the unborn. Yet all scientific evidence points to two very important facts: that lead poses a reproductive hazard to male workers as well, and that pregnant workers in this industry do not have deformed babies any more often than women outside the industry. Even government agencies acknowledge this; the Occupational Safety and Health Administration's lead standards state that no workers may be excluded on the basis of gender, and the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission refuses to follow the courts' decisions that women be barred or sterile.

In addition, no fetal protection policies have ever been instituted for occupations where women predominate, even though reproductive hazards abound. For example, nurses exposed to anesthetic gases in operating rooms and secretaries who work in front of video display terminals have much higher spontaneous abortion rates than do other women. *Helene Hoffman*

BORN IN THE U.S.A.

Oxford, Ohio
Katha Pollitt's article accurately pinpoints the moralistic sniping at women's rights behind the "fetal rights" movement, which seeks to restrict the freedom of women rather than concentrate on improving conditions for babies as well as parents. She gets to the crux of the matter when she cites national-

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EDITORIALS.

Twin Summits

The second Bush-Gorbachev summit was something of a fraud, in that the world's real superpowers were not on hand. They were merely topics of conversation—Germany loudly and persistently, Japan in less direct fashion.

To watch the U.S.-Soviet dialogue was a rich study in contrasting responses to diminished power. For Gorbachev, decline is an occasion for candor and prompts the search for ways to dismember and demilitarize the cold war alliance system. The measure of Bush's mediocrity is that he pays lip service to these new cooperative arrangements—thereby winning short-term opinion poll points for his "pragmatism"—while doing nothing concrete to advance them. At the same time he keeps his options open, and his restive conservative flank happy, with talk of nuclear modernization, aggressive manipulation of the Lithuania question and demands for unilateral Soviet concessions over "regional" matters from Afghanistan to Cuba.

Bush's central obstinacy, of course, is the demand that a unified Germany remain in NATO, whose sole reason for existence is the aggressive containment of the Soviet Union.

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Part of Bush's problem is that he tends to regard Chancellor Helmut Kohl as the only German voice worth listening to, thereby holding U.S. policy on Europe hostage to an ideological friendship that may not survive December's West German elections. The NATO obsession sets Bush against not only Moscow and public opinion in the two Germanys but also the French, the Poles and West German Foreign Minister Hans-Dietrich Genscher, all of whom favor the new European security structure that U.S. officials regard with such disdain.

The future of the global economy is even less subject to U.S. fiat than the new European security system. A unified Germany will dominate Europe, as well as the coming openings in the Soviet market economy, and will carry the European Community, particularly France, in its slipstream. Japanese money too will be increasingly called upon to meet the huge capital needs of Eastern Europe.

The most striking comment at the summit may have been Gorbachev's announcement of his imminent trip to Tokyo. There is considerable irony to the U.S. complaint that Japanese wealth has not been matched by any larger vision. On the very eve of the summit, a Japanese Finance Ministry report outlined an ambitious global strategy that will further underscore American decline. Direct foreign investment by Japanese companies, visible everywhere from Rockefeller Center to Mexican border sweatshops, soared by 44 percent last fiscal year to a record $67.5 billion. Now Japan proposes to maintain its huge current-account surpluses, not only to go on financing U.S. budget deficits but to use foreign aid as a magnet for Japanese private investment in the Third World. The cash contest is already over; what is at stake in the 1990s is the relative influence of Japan and the United States on the economic policies and political models of the Third World and Eastern Europe.

So Gorbachev heads off to Japan, while Bush thrusts his head deeper into the sand. Imperial delusions, sustained by the ritual forms of summitry, are slow to die.

Crime of Silence

In the May 30 primary in Arkansas the Republican National Committee had a choice of two candidates for lieutenant governor: a successful businessman who had been a University of Arkansas football star, and a former member of the American Nazi Party. It doesn't seem all that tough. Still, the committee could not make up its mind. By the way, the former gridiron notable, Kenneth (Muskie) Harris, is black. His opponent, Ralph Forbes, is an avowed segregationist and was once an aide to David Duke, the former Klansman now earning a paycheck in the Louisiana Legislature.

Harris garnered 36 percent of the G.O.P. vote; Forbes was the choice of 46 percent. Because Forbes fell short of a majority, he and Harris were forced into a runoff on June 12.

You might expect a national political party that claims to want to reach out to black voters, that tried to derail Duke's political ascent, and that is chaired by soul man Lee Atwater to denounce Forbes. After all, the G.O.P. recently dropped its hands-off-during-primaries policy in order to influence nominations. But Forbes's near victory was greeted by official silence at Republican headquarters in Washington. The sometime party of Lincoln offered the vacuous argument that it had to wait and see what the state party and its gubernatorial nominee, Sheffield Nelson, decided to do. Several days after the primary, party headquarters still declined to comment.

Could the race for governor have anything to do with the party's wobbly moral compass? Democrat Bill Clinton, the incumbent, squeaked through his primary with only 54 percent of the vote, and Republicans have him in their sights. Imagine the debate that must have gone on at party headquarters: Well, a black on the ticket could take votes from Clinton. Yes, but a disavowal of Forbes could alienate some white voters.

If ever there was a clear case for the national committee to meddle in local party business, this is it. But the G.O.P. is unable to decide what to do about racists in its ranks. Recall its weak response in 1988 to revelations that some members of a Bush campaign committee were anti-Semites. Just last week Republican leaders in Washington split on whether to criticize a candidate in the California primary who ran an anti-Arab campaign against a fellow Republican. How real is the commitment of the Republicans—and their leader, George Bush—to attracting ethnic minorities and combating racism when they can't make even the easy calls?

Protesting N.E.A.

There are a number of reasons that I, unlike Joe Papp, am not refusing my National Endowment for the Arts grant this year to protest the new Jesse Helms–inspired obscenity "restriction" attached to the award. The first and foremost: Returning the money is just what Senator Helms and his supporters would want me to do.

The other reasons flow from that, but given the tenor of the discussion surrounding the N.E.A. controversy, they need to be stated. As a writer who came of age during the late sixties, I find it curious to contemplate the nineties definition of protest that has been articulated and promoted: Writers are supposed to "protest" the N.E.A.'s new "restriction"—which reads like some high school student's scrambled paraphrase of the obscenity standard—by refusing their grants.

In the late sixties and early seventies, protest had an element of jeopardy to it, and bodily harm and jail time were often what was being risked. I believe the best method of protesting the new "restriction" is this: You accept the grant, do what you wish with it and risk prosecution, jail or whatever by the authorities. That is how you protest "restrictions"—not by refusing something until the government gives you immunity.

The new standard, refusing a grant because some risk is involved, is a Bush-era kinder, gentler form of protest. It is protest with a celebrity face. A sixties sort of protest would entail collective action, some sense of solidarity,

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and would require artists not to apply for grants, which would cause a speedy demise of the N.E.A., which, of course, is just what some wish. Celebrity protest plays into the hands of those who would like to privatize the funding of the arts, turn it over completely to philanthropists, foundations and any other thousand points of low-watt light that happen to blink on.

Take Papp's situation. There is a difference between individual artists and arts administrators/impresarios—and, indeed, Joseph Papp is a consummate impresario. First he protested the restriction, gaining some attention; a bit later he wrote a letter saying he was contemplating refusing the grant, which brought him further notice; then, after that had had time to percolate, he refused the grant, to a crescendo of publicity. He is not a theatrical producer for nothing.

Let me contribute some information I haven't seen discussed elsewhere. A month before I learned I'd won a creative writing fellowship, the N.E.A. sent me a form to sign—lest my application be considered "incomplete"—which declared I would not "engage in the unlawful manufacture, distribution, dispensation, possession or use of a controlled substance in conducting any activity with the grant." This restriction hasn't seemed to surface as a bone of contention, though its ramifications are more ominous than the restating of the current obscenity standard—because it concerns the artist's behavior, not the content of his or her work. That needs some protesting, too. Will homes and studios and theaters be visited by drug-sniffing German shepherds? Protesting that in the Just Say No period lacks the glamour that imbues free-speech issues. I protest.

The N.E.A. practices its own form of Catch-22ing when it gives out literary fellowships. The obscenity restriction sent to the fellowship recipients reads, in its entirety (the ellipses are the endowment's), "None of the funds authorized to be appropriated for the National Endowment for the Arts . . . may be used to promote, disseminate, or produce materials which in the judgment of the National Endowment for the Arts . . . may be considered obscene, including but not limited to, depictions of sadomasochism, homoeroticism, the sexual exploitation of children, or individuals engaged in sex acts and which, when taken as a whole, do not have serious literary, artistic, political, or scientific value."

Those who call that a loyalty oath are distorting language. The artists who have accepted their grants are not engaged in McCarthy-era betrayals of principles—or people. The "restriction" requires no denunciations of past associations (individuals or groups), it elicits no testimony, asks no one to name names. The so-called restriction, at least where individual artists are concerned, is as meaningless in fact as it is offensive in nature.

When the N.E.A. awards a grant directly to a writer, painter or other artist, it is certifying the work of that artist as having, at the very least, artistic value. Such a restriction has no chilling effect on me. All my depictions of sadomasochism and homoeroticism have literary value, always have and always will. Any writer who doesn't happen to be thoroughly genteel always writes under the threat of, one, not being published and, two, being taken to court if he or she is.

Much has been made of the chilling effect of the restriction. But the government—in the form of the judicial system, including the Supreme Court—not the N.E.A., has been attempting its own refrigeration of writers throughout the Reagan and Bush years by means of various decisions involving libel and fair use, including but not limited to scholars making use of unpublished letters of "famous" authors. Writers and artists, if they are worth much, are always at risk. And as the cold war thaws, the porn and drug wars heat up.

But arts bureaucrats and impresarios, because they are in the business of attracting the public, are a bit more sensitive to these frost forecasts. They are doing public relations, whereas the artists are doing art. As Papp has indicated, the N.E.A. accounted for only 3.6 percent of his organization's entire budget in 1989. And it took him only a day to raise from private donors more than the $50,000 he turned down for a special project, the Festival Latino.

It ought to be further noted that most of the brouhaha has been over various gallery and museum board decisions, and the uproar has been directed largely at photographs, always the easiest prey of the virtue vultures. Jesse Helms and the porn posse have highlighted a family feud within the G.O.P. between mainstream Republicans and the party's right wing. Who sits on the board of Washington's Corcoran Gallery of Art? Not a lot of liberal working stiffs, or writers. The current controversy doesn't entirely displease me, because a lot of it pits conservative fundamentalists against conservative connoisseurs. Let the feathers fly.

There are other reasons I haven't refused the grant in protest. But I find it annoying to have the ninety-seven winners of N.E.A. Creative Writing Fellowships being indirectly slandered by so many different commentators, supposedly sympathetic protectors of the arts. *The New Republic* called us all lap dogs; the press generally has taken this view.

Doubtless there are circumstances under which a grant should be refused. These aren't those. I have never written any of my novels to win a grant. I have applied for grants, as mountain climbers are in the habit of saying, because they are there. I happen to think peer review (the method the N.E.A. uses to judge who gets literary fellowships) a good thing—it is one of the few acts of approval and applause in the art world that is out of the market loop, beyond the reach of the gatekeepers and taste makers, those who are involved directly in the commercialization of art.

If an arts administrator feels restricted by a grant, perhaps he or she should refuse it. Artists wouldn't and artists shouldn't. The N.E.A. needs to be defended and protected; it is the Helms-inspired Congressional conduct that needs protest. Papp's is one kind of protest. But we creative writing fellows should accept the money and protest by writing what we will. If that places us at risk, so be it.

WILLIAM O'ROURKE

William O'Rourke is the author of three novels and a work of nonfiction. He also received an N.E.A. fellowship in 1981.

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MINORITY REPORT.

CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS

"In the early hours of June 17 . . . " How many good, bad and indifferent stories have begun with that introduction, reminding us that it is now eighteen years since Nixon's creeps were found infesting the Watergate building. Eighteen years in which we have seen the concept of deniability replace the concept of accountability; eighteen years in which to savor the feeling that there was something going on in the National Security Council that we hadn't quite been told about; eighteen years in which, repeatedly and almost routinely, foreign despots and their policemen have had more influence on U.S. foreign policy than has Congress. Watching the recent parade of unelected, sinister American soldier-politicians who file through the dock and stumble through a prepared script about presidential innocence, we have lost the nursery freshness that permitted Watergate as a democratic indulgence.

But now—"He's Back!" The no-fault age has found the perfect icon. A period of cynical incuriosity, expressed by the noninvestigation of the Iran/*contra* network, has made Richard Nixon seem very much less egregious than he was when taking a pardon and pleading illness. (Now he affects boundless health and begs nobody's pardon at all.) In May 1977, Nixon told David Frost in a television interview: "When the President does it, that means it is not illegal." People laughed at the time, unaware that they were getting a preview of 1980s statecraft, complete with approval ratings and spin control.

Still, there are some scholars who would like to know the answers to Watergate's unanswered questions, and who think that there is a democratic and constitutional interest in finding them out. One such is Professor Stanley Kutler of the University of Wisconsin, whose book *The Wars of Watergate* has just been published.

Interest declared: Professor Kutler reviews the different theories of the motive behind the June 17 break-in. He is quite indulgent toward a hypothesis that I put forward about the Nixon-Kissinger-Agnew gang and the connection between covert action overseas and the erosion of democracy at home [see "Watergate—The Greek Connection," May 31, 1986].

To summarize that hypothesis: As you follow the slimy trail left by the burglars, you consistently come across two names. Both are Greek. One, Tom Pappas, belongs to one of the perpetrators. The other, Elias Demetracopoulos, to one of the victims. Pappas was a tycoon and longtime C.I.A. "asset" who enjoyed fetidly warm relations with the junta that seized power in Greece in 1967. He facilitated a transfer of money from the intelligence service of the junta to the Nixon campaign of 1968. He used his influence to get Spiro Agnew on the Republican ticket. He acted as a roving fundraiser for CREEP and as a private liaison between the Nixon regime and the Athens dictatorship. He was approached, on the evidence of the Watergate tapes, for hush money for the burglars. He was known to the Nixonites as "the Greek bearing gifts." He was later found to have delivered $50,000 to Attorney General John Mitchell. In other words, he was involved at each major stage of the conspiracy and the cover-up.

Demetracopoulos had exposed the original corrupt draft of money between Athens and the Nixon campaign. He took his evidence to Laurence O'Brien, chair of the Democratic National Committee, at a time when, as subsequent disclosures have confirmed, his telephone was being tapped by the authorities in Washington. He testified on the Hill about the sordid intimacy between Nixon, Agnew, Pappas and the junta. He was about to make fresh evidence public just before the 1972 break-in. He was, as a consequence of his journalistic and dissident activities, subjected to a sustained campaign of harassment by the F.B.I. and the C.I.A., both of which were later compelled to apologize to him. Is it possible that the burglars were trying to find out what the Democrats knew about the Greek connection?

Reviewing these coincidences—if that is what they were—Professor Kutler concludes:

> Significantly, the "Greek connection" theory of Watergate caused the most anxiety for the longest period of time for the Nixon Administration, and the agencies that served it.

Having been the first historian to interview former Director of Central Intelligence Richard Helms on tape on this matter, Kutler adds a gnomic quotation. After all, if the Greek colonels' intelligence outfit was financing an American politician, it was doing so with money it had received in subsidies from Langley, Virginia. This would have been an unusually gigantic violation of the C.I.A.'s founding charter, which prohibits any intervention in U.S. domestic affairs. Asked if such an outrage had in fact occurred, Helms replied with what Kutler terms "studied ambiguity":

> Even if somebody suggests they would like to do it, I would insist that they don't tell me about it because that is dynamite.

Kutler's book contains another suggestive coincidence. We learn that in 1969 John Caulfield, head of the Nixon White House "investigations unit," sent a memorandum to John Ehrlichman about Demetracopoulos, his antifascist activities and scoops, and the "Greek Inquiry" in general. In late 1972, when the thieves were falling out and the Nixon gang was attempting to blame the C.I.A. for Watergate, Caulfield got a letter from James McCord, who had arranged the burglary. McCord wrote:

> If Helms goes, and the Watergate operation is laid at CIA's feet where it does not belong, every tree in the forest will fall. It will be a scorched desert.

Well, as Nixon remarked to John Mitchell in a letter of February 1972: "I can't pay you what you are worth." This statement turned out to be true; the Nixonites went overseas for their walking-around money, drumming up grubby bundles from Chile, from the Greek junta and the Marcos family, among others. The failure to clean up this aspect of the Watergate scandal, so that to this day we do not know what the burglars were after, led in turn to the Reagan-Casey-Bush collusion with every crackpot and tinpot from the Sultan of Brunei to the Ayatollah Khomeini.

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Report From Oberlin

EDWARD SOREL

AFTER PUTTING FOUR CHILDREN THROUGH COLLEGE WE LOOKED FORWARD TO THE GRADUATION OF OUR YOUNGEST. AT LAST, NO MORE BANK LOANS.
SHE LOOKS RADIANT, BUT FOR SOME REASON SHE AND OTHERS ARE WEARING RIBBONS ON THEIR ARMS.
SHE EXPLAINS: THE RED RIBBON IS TO PROTEST THE POLICE BEING CALLED ON CAMPUS TO STOP A STUDENT DEMONSTRATION.
THE BLACK RIBBON SIGNIFIES THE SMALL NUMBER OF MINORITY STUDENTS WHO COULD AFFORD TO COMPLETE THEIR STUDIES.
THE PINK ONE IS TO PROTEST THE FACT THAT GAY AND LESBIAN CLUBS ON CAMPUS ARE NOT LISTED IN THE CATALOGUE.
AND THE YELLOW IS TO SHOW SOLIDARITY WITH ASIAN STUDENTS OFFENDED BY THE MONUMENT TO MISSIONARIES KILLED IN THE BOXER REBELLION.
AND TO PROTEST THE HIGH COST OF TUITION, SHE AND OTHERS REFUSE TO WEAR A CAP AND GOWN.
AT THE CEREMONY THERE'S A HUGE SIGN DEMANDING THE PRESIDENT RESIGN, AND WHEN HE STARTS TO SPEAK A LOT OF THE GRADS STAND AND TURN THEIR BACK TO HIM.
THE 60'S ARE DEFINITELY ON THE WAY BACK.
Edward Sorel

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ARTICLES.

THE PRAGMATIC IDEOLOGUE

Fidel Will Be Around Awhile

SAUL LANDAU

The political fortunetellers inside the Washington Beltway and on Miami's Calle Ocho have declared that Fidel Castro and the Cuban revolution are about to hit the wastebasket of history. John McLaughlin confidentially signs off on one of his Sunday TV shows in May with the assertion that "Castro is out by Christmas." Vice President Dan Quayle confidently announces that "Cuba is the last real problem in our hemisphere." (Poverty, debt, drugs are not real?) Margaret Tutwiler, speaking for the State Department after the Nicaraguan elections, and with the invasion of Panama still fresh in the memory, declares that "it's two down and one to go." Cuba is regularly referred to as "the last domino."

Miami exiles are currently calculating their increased worth, expecting shortly to reclaim their expropriated property, while Florida Governor Bob Martinez, combining machismo with chutzpah, has set up a commission to study the impact of Cuba's collapse on Florida. Some of the paunchy veterans of the 1961 Bay of Pigs invasion have picked up their rusty rifles to "train" for another assault; as in the past, U.S. police agencies are turning a blind eye to their activities.

Cuba is in crisis because of the dramatic changes in the world and the paucity of them on the island, but to count Fidel out and the revolution dead is premature. Castro has survived seven U.S. Presidents, each of whom was trying to get rid of him.

One reason popular analysis of Cuba lacks perspective is that government officials and members of the news media don't ask probing questions but prefer to trade in myths, which quickly become established Cubanology.

One of the current truisms is that Castro and Cuba are more isolated than ever. Since, the myth goes, Fidel is dogmatic about Marxism-Leninism and state-run socialism, he has separated himself from the rest of the world, whose thinking is running toward Western democracy and free-market economies. Hence he is weak and vulnerable.

In fact, Castro's ideological inflexibility—which is used as a means of preserving a facade of unity—coexists easily with pragmatic trade policies and elastic diplomacy. Despite continued U.S. pressure to isolate him, Fidel now boasts of having diplomatic relations with 120 nations, twice the number Fulgencio Batista had in 1958. Most of the Latin American governments that severed relations with him as a result of U.S. pressure in the 1960s, when all but Mexico succumbed, have restored their ties and are working to reintegrate Cuba into the inter-American system. In the last year alone Jamaica and Chile have resisted State Department pressure and gone ahead with talks about restoring relations with Havana. Even traditionally docile governments have ignored State Department diatribes; Honduras, for example, invited a large Cuban parliamentary delegation to Tegucigalpa late last year.

Castro is a celebrity in Latin America, starring at the inaugurations of presidents in Brazil, Mexico and Ecuador, precisely because he alone has successfully defied the Yankees. This has won him not only unparalleled revolutionary credentials but also conservative respect as the last bastion of Spanish resistance against the centuries-old encroachment of the Anglo-Saxons.

In Africa, Cuban and Angolan troops together defeated the South African forces at Cuito Cuanavale in 1988-89, paving the way for an Angolan settlement and Namibian independence. In the Third World, such exploits have bolstered Castro's image as a magician who converted a puny island nation into an international player of major importance, whose troops fought even in the Middle East war of 1973.

A second myth is that the Cuban economy is deteriorating rapidly and that this will eventually lead to political revolt, as in Eastern Europe. It is true that Castro has not been able to apply his foreign-policy wizardry to the domestic sphere, which is characterized by inefficiency and bureaucracy. Nevertheless, Cuba's economy is not exactly unraveling at the seams.

Quite the contrary. The Russians and Cubans recently signed a $14.7 billion trade pact for the next year, marking an increase of 9 percent over last year's trade levels. The Russians plan to purchase Cuban medical equipment, a surprising reversal in technological development. However, Soviet oil supplies will diminish over the next five years, and Cubans began serious fuel rationing in May. Other Soviet help will also drop off over the decade.

Despite the severe difficulties caused by the withdrawal of aid and a reduction of trade by several Eastern European nations, parts of the Cuban economy are actually improving. While Fidel opposes market experiments and individual entrepreneurship, he is at the same time actively wooing foreign capital. Twenty Japanese corporations have opened offices in Havana; Spanish and Argentine investors are negotiating with Cuban officials for joint ventures; Canadian and European firms continue to capitalize on the trade that U.S. companies once dominated. Canadian, European and Latin American tourism, while not booming, grow steadily. Cuba accommodates almost a quarter of a million foreigners a year.

In Cuba's biogenetic labs some scientific breakthroughs have begun to yield substantial foreign exchange. Last year, Brazil alone bought $100 million worth of meningitis B vaccine, and Middle Eastern countries also took advantage of

Saul Landau is a fellow at the Institute for Policy Studies. His film, The Uncompromising Revolution, *on Castro and Cuba at middle age, will be shown on PBS on August 8.*

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Cuba's research in tropical medicine to purchase recombinant interferon for use against loss of skin pigment. Cuba has become a medical power, with thousands of doctors abroad and sufficient hospital facilities to offer foreigners sophisticated medical services at cut-rate prices.

These facts hardly coincide with predictions of imminent collapse. Rather than resorting to myths, it is more instructive, thirty-one years after the revolution, to ask what possibilities exist for a Third World country to withstand U.S. pressure for political obedience and economic conformity. And what can Fidel do before he dies or retires to assure the passage of power to a democratic rather than a bureaucratic succession?

Few commentators consider the harsh reality that Castro would confront should he open up Cuba's politics and economy. The need for unity against external enemies has translated into pressure for uniformity that suppresses disagreement. But does Castro have the political and economic space to make a choice? He fears that if he allows for traditional political opposition via *glasnost* and economic alternatives via *perestroika*, Cuban society will become hopelessly entangled with Miami's exile community and, more important, the shark of U.S. capitalism will move in and gobble up the revolution—and its vast achievements.

To deter the invasion of "socialism snatchers," Fidel insists on the facade of unity that has kept the United States at bay for three decades. By forging national unity around the Yankee menace Castro found the means to mobilize Cubans to carry out a revolutionary domestic agenda, while at the same time building a defense that would withstand anything short of a U.S. invasion. Castro's brilliance has been as a strategist who understood that the survival of the Cuban revolution depended upon convincing the Pentagon of the high cost of an invasion. In October 1962 the world shuddered with fear of a nuclear showdown over the issue of Cuba's territorial integrity. In 1990 Cuba's military is sufficiently large and tough to assure potentially impulsive members of the U.S. security bureaucracy that a military adventure there would be costly.

A further part of Fidel's strategy was to enlarge the fronts on which Washington would have to fight. In the 1960s Che Guevara called for "one, two, many Vietnams," and Cuban revolutionaries fomented guerrilla war throughout Latin America. In the 1970s Cubans took up internationalist banners in Africa and Asia as well, while accommodating to more conventional kinds of change in the Western Hemisphere. Cuba recognized the 1969 Nasserist coup in Peru and the 1970 electoral victory of Salvador Allende's socialist coalition in Chile as strategically helpful to Cuba.

Cuba also became a major player in the organization of the nonaligned nations and in Third World initiatives in the United Nations such as the Law of the Sea Treaty. In 1985 Castro called a meeting in Havana of debtor nations; United States Treasury officials admit that without the implicit threat of a debtors' cartel, promoted by Cuba, debt reform—in the form of the Brady Plan—would not have been forthcoming. Castro has also tried to spread the revolution by sending his equivalent of the Peace Corps to Third World countries and by educating youth from Africa, Asia and Latin America in communist values, as well as in more generally accepted curriculums.

Castro's foreign policy made the U.S. national security elite furious. And they have responded since 1959 with about everything that Washington could muster short of direct invasion: assassination attempts, sabotage, economic blockade, psychological and propaganda wars, and perhaps biological warfare as well (suspicious outbreaks of tobacco disease, sugarcane virus, coconut plague, porcine fever and hemorrhagic conjunctivitis all hit Cuba within a few years).

This history of undiluted U.S. aggression—with the exception of a brief respite during the early Carter years—is part of daily Cuban reality. While few Cubans now expect an invasion, most cast a dubious eye on other forms of U.S. interference. When Washington speaks out for human rights or free elections in Cuba it is, as most Cubans know from their past, less out of any concern for freedom in Cuba than from a wish to recapture its former client state.

The United States has used human rights as a stick with which to beat Cuba in the U.N., finally forcing a vote this year that expressed "concern" that the Castro government was jailing people for political dissent and abusing certain prisoners. The mounting pressure from President Bush provoked Cuban security forces to crack down over the past year. Members of human rights groups and other dissenters have been arrested, tried on dubious counts and sentenced to short prison terms. Cuba has, according to most independent observers, a few hundred political prisoners, compared with thousands a decade ago.

Should there be any doubt as to U.S. intentions, the Bush Administration recently launched TV Martí as a new vehicle to undermine the Cuban government's authority and pene-

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trate the Cuban mind with Kate, Allie and Alf. (Castro commented on the naming of U.S. radio and TV propaganda after national hero José Martí that the equivalent would be "if we developed a new garbage can and named it George Washington.")

The communications war is a part of President Bush's "turn the screw" policy. In mid-May the Pentagon tightened it another notch by holding massive air and sea maneuvers off the Cuban coast, provoking Castro to call on his military to mobilize on full alert. State Department officials assured reporters that Cuba would be an item on the Bush-Gorbachev summit agenda as well. But Gorbachev, whose commitment to détente is unquestionable, had already raised the issue of U.S.-Cuba relations with Castro in their 1988 meetings, and according to top Cuban officials, Castro convinced the Soviet leader that it was the United States that was blocking all attempts to normalize relations.

Washington's attacks, and its intermittent propaganda victories, have done little to affect the loyalty of the millions who follow Fidel's line (an estimated 3 million turned out to celebrate May Day this year). Cuba's standard of living and social services compare favorably with those of most of its neighbors. (In a few areas, the revolution has even surpassed the United States: The infant mortality rate in Havana, for example, is lower than in Washington.) But without capital and access to new technology, and with resources of declining value and importance, Cuba—like the countries of the South in general—holds few bargaining chips. Fidel has tried unsuccessfully to forge cooperative South-South links, to gain leverage for his country and other Third World nations; he will continue playing those strategic cards even though the yield has been small. But he knows that the revolution's survival depends on the viability of its institutions, especially its economy. And that, in turn, is linked to the political direction of the country.

Cuba is in the midst of a political shake-up, but a quiet and cautious one that has none of the bombastic style normally associated with Castro. The process is taking place inside the Communist Party, and with clear limits on public debate. Yet despite the apparently closed nature of Cuban politics there is ample and open discussion on the street. Those who read the Cuban press carefully can distinguish clear but polite differences between the youth paper *Juventud Rebelde* and *Granma*, the official organ. In part these reflect a generational divide. While *Granma* maintains the "best of all possible worlds" approach, its increasingly popular rival hints that the old guard no longer feels the pulse of change in and out of Cuba, and that Castro must perform at least one more vital task: He must force out those who fought with him and made the revolution, and pave the way for the younger generation (those in their 20s and 30s) to assume the leadership.

If there is an heir apparent, it is Roberto Robaina, a brilliant and dynamic orator who was elected to the Politburo this year. Now 31, Robaina won his stripes in Angola and as chair of the Communist Youth. A forceful personality, he had the confidence to interrupt Castro during a party congress debate. But he cannot fill Fidel's boots; no one can. Cuba's next leadership will necessarily be a team effort.

If Fidel retires before replacing the veterans of the Sierra Maestra, who still control strategic positions in the party and the government, the bureaucratic conservatism that has become the bane of daily life will continue, the militant young Communists predict. Only Fidel can accomplish this purge, since it must be done inside the party and without causing social divisions that would make Cuba vulnerable to its enemies.

Castro has retired some of the old guard; others have passed on or been found incompetent or corrupt. The 1989 trials of top army and security officials, some for dealing in drugs and others for corruption, shocked the nation—not with surprise but with recognition. But the pervasive military stupidity, the national-security, state-of-siege mentality, the "need to know" attitude that prevents everyday information sharing are not easily replaced by new methods conducive to open politics and creative, efficient production in the economic sphere.

Cuba's friendly critics have reason to be concerned, but they should avoid a frozen view of a dynamic reality. Cuba is ideologically alone but increasingly connected to the world's trade and diplomacy. In the 1920s revolutionaries discussed whether socialism could exist in one country. In 1990, can it survive on one island, and if so, in what form? The majority of Cubans, not only those who remain socialists, have a deep stake in the success of their model. Can the country democratize? Will that give it a chance for success in the uncontested world market environment that it will have to confront? □

THE FUJIYOSHI CASE

Testing Japan's Anti-Korean Laws

DEBORAH SKLAR

This month, when he hears the verdict of Osaka's High Court, Ron Fujiyoshi will remember the loud and pungent streets of Ikuno Ward, where his journey through the Japanese legal system began. Fujiyoshi is an American missionary on trial for refusing to be fingerprinted; Ikuno Ward is Japan's largest Korean community. And while fingerprinting, mandated by the country's Alien Registration Law, ostensibly applies to all non-Japanese residents equally, it falls most heavily on Koreans. In a portrait Fujiyoshi's would be one face among 800,000 alien residents, the overwhelming majority Korean; it would be one among some 14,000 who have resisted fingerprinting over the past ten years. Yet only Fujiyoshi is on trial expressly for this reason.

Deborah Sklar lived in Ikuno Ward for one year while working as a correspondent for The Japan Times. *She is now an assistant producer at Fuji Television in New York.*

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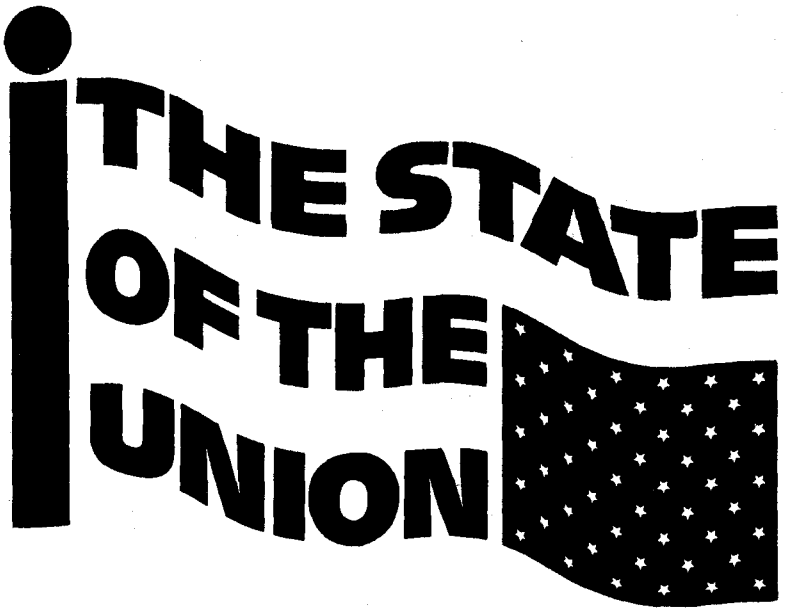

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In his court appearances—at least thirty of them since 1982—Fujiyoshi has argued that fingerprinting and the Alien Registration Law are enforcers of exclusion and racism in Japanese society. On the basis of the same analysis Koreans in Japan have protested fingerprinting as part of a broader demand for an end to discrimination and a guarantee of their basic human rights. But to understand this, and to retrace the path that has taken one American to the heart of a much larger resistance movement, it is necessary to enter Ikuno Ward.

One night every autumn, on the eve of the Korean Folk Festival, scores of Koreans and their Japanese friends march through the district's winding streets to the beat of the *chang-gu*, an hourglass-shaped drum whose resonant tones temporarily drown out the clatter of machines from factories that crowd the narrow alleyways. With their stunning costumes and elaborate dances the residents reconfirm a culture that almost every other day of the year they are forced to deny.

Today third- and fourth-generation Koreans, descendants of people who were imported as cheap labor after Japan annexed Korea in 1910, still use Japanese names for fear of persecution. Less than 5 percent of Koreans use their own names in business dealings, and one hears numerous painful accounts of young people struggling to conceal their identity to avoid ridicule at school. The vast majority of Koreans—more than 85 percent—are considered foreigners even though they were born in Japan. They may apply for Japanese citizenship but about half the applicants are turned down every year (those who aren't are pressured to forswear their Korean names). So they pay taxes but they cannot vote. They have no equal opportunity under the law, they cannot work as teachers or government officials and, like blacks in South Africa with their passbooks, they must carry an alien registration card at all times or risk serious criminal penalties. They are harassed—frequently stopped by police and forced to produce their papers.

Fujiyoshi first came to Ikuno Ward in 1973 to work as a lay missionary at the Korean Christian Center. But it was as a laborer in a family-run sandal factory that he most directly

Hollow Apology

Apologies are a cheap way to gain international approval these days, and on May 24 Emperor Akihito gained some for Japan with an apology for his country's brutal colonial rule of Korea from 1910 to 1945. The occasion was a state visit by South Korean President Roh Tae Woo. Roh walked away from the summit satisfied. An apology had been one of his conditions for coming to Japan, as had an agreement on the status of Korean residents covered under the 1965 Japan–Republic of Korea Normalization Treaty, which expires next year.

Akihito emerged from the summit as the magnanimous host, and Roh, playing the role of the long-aggrieved party, temporarily deflected media attention from the militant protests against his regime taking place in the streets of Seoul. But what was really traded between the two? The agreement on so-called third-generation Koreans, children of people born after 1971, is not a written accord, having yet to be passed in the Japanese Diet. Fingerprinting will continue for most "foreigners" into the twenty-first century, and discussion of their right to work as public school teachers or civil servants has been put off indefinitely. This follows the historical pattern whereby Japan, under pressure for its abuses of human rights, gestures in the direction of its critics. In the past Japan changed its rules regarding the frequency of fingerprinting, from every three years to every five to once in a lifetime. It replaced the traditional black ink with clear ink, and revamped the alien registration passbook into a card.

Roh welcomed Japan's latest move because, like his predecessors, he has no genuine concern for the fate of his countrypeople abroad. No Korean leader has ever met with representatives of the Korean community in Japan for the sole purpose of discussing their grievances. On the contrary, South Koreans in Japan, particularly political activists, have been persecuted upon return to their ancestral land. Pharis Harvey of the North American Coalition for Human Rights in Korea points out that to thwart dissidence within its own borders the South Korean government has often targeted Korean residents of Japan as subversives or "pro-Pyongyang sympathizers." Gen. Park Chung Hee began this practice in the 1970s when he banned the National Federation of Students for Democracy, claiming it was a front for Communists from North Korea. The two Soh brothers, who were living in Japan, were framed as instigators of the group. One of them was sentenced to death and the other to fifteen years in prison. Although both were recently released as prisoners of conscience, their experience and that of others like them still has an intimidating effect. If the past is any guide Roh will not follow up on the condition of Koreans in Japan until the next summit comes around.

At the close of the summit Japan and South Korea declared that the meeting had opened the way for a "new era" in relations between the two countries. Economic agreements, which neither the Japanese nor the Korean Embassy would disclose but which, by all accounts, provided the real substance of the discussions, have been struck. But for Koreans and other "foreigners" in Japan, who liken their situation to a state of internal colonialism, a new era will not begin until they have won equality and the right to assert their identity. D.S.

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confronted the tenuous situation of Koreans in Japan. Small factories specializing in the production of shoes, plastics, rubber and vinyl operate late into the night in Ikuno Ward, their chimneys filling the air with soot and the sharp odor of glue or smoking rubber or chemicals. Subcontracted companies such as these, paying low wages, often on a piecework basis, and demanding long hours, account for 99.6 percent of all manufacturing enterprises in Japan and lay the foundation for the country's economic pyramid.

Fujiyoshi, who spent nine years in the factories, describes the situation as a typical case of superexploitation. Koreans make up a disproportionate segment of Japan's low-wage army, working often without safety standards, without insurance or pension schemes and with little prospect of betterment. In the sandal industry, for example, Fujiyoshi reckons that 70 percent of the craftspeople in Ikuno Ward are Korean, yet he found only two Koreans among some 10,000 wholesalers in the country. Naturally, in times of economic downturn, it is also the marginalized workers who suffer the most.

"The situation for Koreans in Japan," says Fujiyoshi, "is on par with that of an internal colony." The starkest symbols of this are compulsory fingerprinting and the alien registration card, to which the print is affixed. As an act of personal protest Fujiyoshi decided in 1981 to refuse fingerprinting on the ground that it undermined rights guaranteed in the Japanese Constitution as well as the International Covenant on Human Rights, which Japan ratified in 1979. He was subsequently charged with violating the Alien Registration Law, and four years later was found guilty. Since then he has been engaged in appeals and other political actions, in 1987 staging a twenty-five-day hunger strike to protest the government's use of travel restrictions against fingerprint refusers. He left Japan in 1988 after the government refused to extend his visa or issue a re-entry permit, and has been going back and forth on special visas between his home in Hilo, Hawaii, and Japan in order to present his case.

Through a long stretch of intensely researched and carefully crafted testimony, Fujiyoshi has tried to show that fingerprinting is not an isolated legalism but an outgrowth of social mores that operate solely for the benefit of the Japanese. In countering what he calls Japan's "assimilation and control policy," he has traced the roots of exclusion and racism in Japanese society back to the Meiji restoration period of the late nineteenth century and the institution of what is widely known as the emperor system, forged as a defense against Western imperialist intentions in Asia. Meiji leaders cultivated popular loyalty to the Japanese father figure, the deified emperor, and stressed the primacy of the Japanese nation in relation to its Asian neighbors. This nationalist ideology protected Japan from foreign exploitation, but it also generated a spirit of chauvinism and obedience that eventually set the stage for the Meiji leaders to carry out military aggression throughout Asia with the cooperation of their people. Today, Fujiyoshi notes, the propagation of Japanese nationalist ideology is a prime function of the Ministry of Education, notorious for its rewriting of history, minimizing the atrocities that Japan inflicted on its neighbors during the period of expansion. In challenging fingerprinting, Fujiyoshi is ultimately asking the courts to confront the problems of nationalism and the myth of Japanese racial superiority.

Fujiyoshi is not the only person ever to have stood before the court for fingerprint refusal, but he's the only one there now. Until February 1989 thirty-three other cases were being tried, all against Koreans. Those cases were aborted when the Japanese Cabinet, in honor of Emperor Hirohito's death, issued an imperial pardon. Fujiyoshi was denied amnesty on a legal technicality, but he has used the pardon as another exhibit in his argument. Affirming their repudiation of the Alien Registration Law, the thirty-three refusers declared last year, "We reject amnesty. . . . in the emperor's name it preserves, not diminishes, the ethnic discrimination and xenophobia rooted in the emperor system itself."

So, symbolically at least, the cases of the thirty-three carry on in Fujiyoshi's legal battle. But his role as a kind of representative of the fingerprint refusal movement has a

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double edge, as some in the Korean community resent his prominence. "I am constantly asked why, as a non-Korean, I refused to be fingerprinted," he told me in a telephone interview from Hawaii. "From the moment I got involved in the struggle, there has been tension with me as an American. I grappled with the choice of whether or not I should refuse to be fingerprinted because I knew that an American should not be at the forefront of the movement but that Koreans should lead. In a way I didn't feel as if I had the right to refuse. I am fighting, however, not on behalf of the Koreans but as a human being attempting to define my place in the larger struggle."

Fujiyoshi's background is helpful here. In September 1941, when he was not quite 2, his parents moved from Los Angeles to Hawaii. Three months later Pearl Harbor was bombed and Hawaii was placed under martial law. Japanese-Americans there were not carted off to concentration camps as on the mainland (Fujiyoshi's grandmother and uncle were sent from California to a camp in Grenada, Colorado), but they were pressed into harvesting sugarcane and repairing battleships, and they were closely watched. Fujiyoshi's father, a pastor, was known as a *kibe*, having been born on Maui but educated in Japan, and was therefore subject to special scrutiny. A unit of U.S. marines lived in his church and every Sunday took notes to check if his sermons contained anti-American sentiment. "I automatically assumed that I was bad," recalled Fujiyoshi, "that any expression of my own Japanese identity would have been looked upon suspiciously." In school in Hawaii he experienced the same pressure to assimilate that Koreans face in Japan, and he was similarly deprived of learning his Asian language or history. "At the private missionary school I attended I learned that what is WASP is American and any other ethnicity is inferior," he said. "There was great pressure to try to be American. A white speech teacher in the school once humiliated me by saying, 'Ron Fujiyoshi, you still cannot speak English.'"

There is a certain justice in finding an American engaged in this struggle against fingerprinting, for while the disposition to prejudice in Japan has deep native roots, its modern translation into law is to a great extent an American import. Before the war Japan had enforced an assimilation program by which Koreans and other "foreigners" were made to carry a passbook, change their names and speak only Japanese. In 1945, with Japan defeated and under American occupation, the 2.4 million Koreans there were declared liberated nationals. But as Robert Ricketts, an American writer and researcher living in Tokyo, has pointed out in *The Japan Times*, American occupation forces soon introduced fingerprinting and a variety of alien controls based on the U.S. Alien Registration Act of 1940 and the Internal Security Act of 1950. In the spirit of McCarthyism the Army occupation group in charge of fashioning Japan's new immigration laws stated that "these ordinances will greatly reduce the potential of communist penetration . . . and make possible the elimination . . . of subversive aliens." Quoting the Army group, Ricketts wrote, "'This was not,' it said, 'a matter of trying to help Japan, but one of trying to help ourselves by making a major contribution to the security of Japan.'" Residents from Korea and China, considered the likeliest agents of international communism, were soon entangled in a web of legal restrictions and deprived of their civil rights. With the signing of the San Francisco Peace Treaty on April 28, 1952, Japan regained its independence; that same day its former colonial subjects lost their Japanese nationality and were placed under the strictures of the new Alien Registration Law, which, with minor revisions, remains intact today.

Last month the Japanese government announced grandly that it would abolish fingerprinting of some "third-generation" descendants of Korean residents. The press in America called this a major advance for Korean rights and for Japanese-Korean international relations. But even upon cursory examination it is clear that the move is just another of the cosmetic changes designed to ingratiate the government with the international community [see box on page 888]. The Korean residents affected are only South Koreans, the terms of classification are extremely complicated and dependent on prior agreements and the definition of "third generation" is so arbitrary that at present it applies to only four individuals in the entire country. What's more, even those Koreans affected will enjoy no change in their legal status: no citizenship, no voting rights, no protection against job discrimination.

As Eunja Lee, a 34-year-old Korean from Japan now studying in Berkeley, California, told me, "Even if fingerprinting is abolished for babies born in the 1990s, what about me? My fingerprint is still on record. I still carry a passbook. And for the next fifteen years young Koreans will still be subjected to fingerprinting. This revision ignores the grievances of our movement. It is no good at all." She said the government's definition of a third-generation Korean is very tricky and adds more confusion to a system that already classifies Koreans into five separate legal categories. Fujiyoshi explained that this is a clever strategy, in line with the government's aim to divide the Korean community—for instance, by forcing distinctions between North and South Koreans, between generations and between people who want their rights as Japanese citizens and those still sympathetic to Korean nationalism. "The latest revision makes things worse because the Japanese give the impression that they actually changed the law when in fact they did next to nothing. What they should have done, at the very least, was to give these youngest Koreans Japanese citizenship with the right to retain their Korean names." But fundamentally, as Fujiyoshi has argued throughout his many court appearances, fingerprinting in Japan is not so much an issue of law as it is one of consciousness: "In order for changes to be made, the Japanese must change their perception of themselves. In the end they must see themselves as Asians." □

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Shock Therapy

(*Continued From Front Cover*)

fully convertible and introducing tough limits on wages—in short, freedom for the capitalists and "direct controls" on the workers.

So far, the Sachs plan has succeeded in slashing the Poles' standard of living. Since January 1, according to *Business Week*, Poles have suffered a 40 percent drop in real wages. The London *Financial Times* says smallholders "may have seen their living standards halved." This devastating decline is not an unfortunate byproduct or unintended effect of the Sachs plan; Sachs and Solidarity had hoped for a 20 percent reduction in real wages when they ended government subsidies on basic commodities. Food prices doubled in January; the price of bread rose from the equivalent of a penny a loaf to 25 cents. Families are now spending 60 percent of their income on food.

Before Sachs, Poland had a problem of shortages. As soon as food and other basic goods showed up in the stores, people bought them at low, subsidized prices, so the shelves were usually empty. Now the shelves are full, which would seem to be evidence of prosperity. But, says Marta Petrusewicz, a Polish historian teaching at Princeton University, "shortages don't exist anymore because prices are so outrageous people can't buy anything."

Slashing Poles' real wages is only the first part of the Sachs plan. The next objective is to fire "unproductive" workers and increase unemployment. The Sachs prescription calls for closing down many of the biggest factories and mines, some of which employ tens of thousands of workers. Beginning this summer, 1 million workers may be laid off, raising the unemployment rate from less than 1 percent to 7.5 percent by the year's end. The government's chief economic adviser, according to *The Washington Post*, estimated that as many as one-third of all Polish workers will lose their jobs. Sachs hopes workers will see their hardship as unavoidable because their own government tells them there is no alternative. "People are being patient with the shock therapy," Petrusewicz says. "But they won't be patient forever." Sweeping layoffs and declining real wages make a new strike wave possible later this year or next year. The first big strike challenging the shock treatment began May 24 and was led by railroad workers. It lasted a week and paralyzed Poland's Baltic ports. It will not be the last.

Even if Polish workers don't strike again, the Sachs plan is unlikely to move the country into economic high gear. Economists on the left as well as the right agree that if prices are raised to the extent that few can afford to buy goods, inflation and shortages will be licked and price stability will return. The problem is that such a policy also causes a depression. Sachs seems to have forgotten the simple Keynesian notion that stimulating demand is the key to economic growth; investment is not automatic but requires induce-

Jon Wiener, a contributing editor of The Nation, *teaches history at the University of California, Irvine.*

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ments. And Poland is now experiencing "a far deeper-than-expected recession," according to *The Economist*; industrial sales for the first quarter of 1990 were 27 percent lower than for the same period in 1989. "You don't need Jeffrey Sachs to prove that a depression cures inflation," says U.C.L.A. historian Robert Brenner; "that was proved by Herbert Hoover."

The news media, nevertheless, love Sachs with a passion seldom directed toward economists. His picture has appeared in *The New York Times*, *The Washington Post*, *The Economist* and *Time*; he's been featured in *The Wall Street Journal*, *Fortune*, *Newsweek* and *The New Yorker*. *The Economist* called him "one of the world's leading young economists." As evidence of his genius, the press regularly reminds us that Harvard promoted him to full professor when he was only 29. In fact, his economic plan for Poland represents familiar Reagan-Thatcher thinking about the virtues of opening countries to uncontrolled foreign investment and the need for disciplining unruly workers.

If it's not hard to see why the American press idolizes Sachs, it's more difficult to understand how he convinced the Solidarity government to adopt his unremarkable ideas. Before the Poles took him on, Sachs was a specialist on international debt and Latin American hyperinflation; he had no experience with Eastern bloc economies. The Poles first became interested in him after he advised Latin American countries not to pay their debts; since Poland had immense debts, that sounded good to them. Then Sachs came up with his shock-treatment plan. Jacek Kuron, once the embodiment of Solidarity's egalitarian ethos, became his champion, along with the editorial board of *Gazeta Wyborcza*, the Solidarity newspaper.

In 1989 Sachs delivered a passionate speech to Solidarity's Parliamentary Club, in which he told the Poles he had ended Bolivia's 24,000 percent inflation rate, and did it, he said, overnight. Poland, he said, needed the same kind of shock therapy. Since Poland's inflation in 1989 was only one-twentieth of what Bolivia's had been in 1986, the prospects for success seemed excellent. Sachs was bursting with brash American self-confidence and Harvard know-how; the Solidarity government pledged to take the Sachs cure.

The Poles didn't seem to realize that Sachs's program for Bolivia had resulted in unmitigated disaster for the great majority of Bolivians. Thirty thousand tin miners were fired as part of Bolivia's effort to control hyperinflation. Sachs assumed the "free market" would direct those workers, and tens of thousands of others who were newly unemployed, into what was supposed to be a more dynamic and efficient private sector. It didn't work. Last November the Bolivian government imposed a state of siege in response to a wave of strikes and sentenced almost 150 trade union activists to internal exile in a remote region of the Amazon—the Bolivian Siberia.

But the Sachs plan for Bolivia did stimulate economic growth in one area of the private sector: coca farming. Thousands of tin miners, "after searching in vain for alternative employment (the kind promised by free market doctrine) invested their indemnification funds into land and began to cultivate coca," Latin America scholar James Petras reports. "Even their former union leaders turned their hand at organizing the coca growers to obtain fairer prices from the drug barons." Coca-leaf production increased in Bolivia from 50,000 metric tons before the Sachs plan to 80,000 afterward—an increase of 60 percent. Bolivia now produces considerably more coca leaf than Colombia.

Thus Bolivia under the Sachs plan did beat inflation, but the price has been continuing high unemployment, economic stagnation, labor revolt, a state of siege and a deepening involvement in the international drug market. Poor Poland: Coca leaves won't grow there. Where will unemployed Polish miners turn? Some Solidarity members are thinking about Bolivia, Jeffrey Sachs's success story: "I would love to see Bolivia," Karol Modzelewski told *The New Yorker*'s Lawrence Weschler in Warsaw. "I just don't want to see Bolivia *here*."

The sad case of Bolivia demonstrates that stopping inflation is very different from sparking economic growth. The Sachs plan has a basic flaw: It seeks to achieve rapid economic growth by opening Poland to the "free market." But developing capitalist countries that have grown since World War II have generally rejected the free market. West Germany kept its trade subsidies until the early 1960s, economist Doug Henwood points out, and all of Western Europe maintained foreign exchange controls until the 1970s. Alice Amsden, an economics professor at the New School for Social Research and author of *Asia's Next Giant*, a study of Korean economic development, observes that South Korea and Taiwan, those paragons of capitalist growth, have shunned the free market. Both have relied on strong government economic intervention that provides businesses with export subsidies, low-cost credit and protection from foreign competition.

Thus the Sachs plan is not a growth plan, it's an anti-inflation plan that assumes capitalists will rush to invest in Poland once inflation is under control. The problem is that capitalists look for what economists call "comparative advantage," and Western capitalists have not been finding advantages in investing in Poland, despite headlines like this recent one from *The Wall Street Journal*: "Gold Rush: Capitalists Jam Poland: . . . Money Is Pouring In." The text of that article told a different story: "With other Klondikes beckoning from Bucharest to Berlin, chances are Western business won't drop much cash in Poland very soon."

Solidarity hoped Polish-Americans would provide both investment capital and expertise for Poland, but the fiasco of Barbara Piasecka Johnson's Gdansk shipyard "rescue" suggests this route leads to a dead end. Johnson is the Polish immigrant maid who married the heir to the Johnson & Johnson pharmaceutical fortune and then inherited $350 million after his death. A year ago she promised to rescue the Gdansk shipyard, birthplace of Solidarity, after the pre-Solidarity Communist government announced plans to close it. Johnson declared she was ready to invest $100 million for a 55 percent stake in the shipyard, keeping it open and saving workers' jobs. Lech Walesa himself pro-

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claimed her offer "a model for other industries."

If that's the model, Poland's marketeers are in deep trouble. Last December Johnson submitted the details of her plan. It called for slashing the work force by more than half, freezing wages (the workers had expected an increase) and requiring a no-strike guarantee for five years. The workers, according to *The New York Times*, were "stunned and infuriated." The chief manager of Johnson's business affairs explained to them how the free market works: "She feels that her investments have to make a profit or else you should be investing in something else." Meanwhile, Solidarity had replaced the Communist government and agreed to run the shipyard as a state-owned company rather than liquidate it.

Poles had hoped that German capitalists would lead the pack of investors heading east of the Elbe, but rapid German reunification represents disaster for Poland's privatizers. The cost of reunification may be something like $600 billion, according to Gerhard Fels, director of the Institute for the German Economy in Cologne. That means Germany, now one of the world's largest exporters of capital, may itself become a capital importer. The opportunities for profit in fusing the world's fourth and thirteenth largest economies are immense, and the project is likely to provide the biggest magnet for international capital investment over the next decade. Why invest in Poland, with its rebellious workers, obsolete factories and inexperienced government, when a reunifying Germany is beckoning?

Poland is not only having trouble finding investors; its economy is also crippled by foreign debt. Poland owes a monstrous $40 billion to the West as a result of loans made to its Communist government during the 1970s in a previous effort to marketize the Polish economy. "This debt is totally unpayable," Sachs says; any attempt to collect it would subject Poland to "economic serfdom for the next generation." Poland's creditors have established a debt relief schedule as a reward for the government's imposing one of the harshest austerity programs in history. But the Paris Club, made up of the seventeen Western creditor governments, did not cancel the debt, as Sachs insisted it must; instead the club rolled it over. That means the debt will remain an issue; Poland is still paying interest to Western lenders—at a nominal rate in 1990—but if the Poles change their mind about the Sachs plan, those same lenders will certainly retaliate and demand payment. Thus Poland learns the rules of the democratic community of Western nations.

No doubt Sachs is right that Poland is incapable of paying its debts. But why does he think the same Western lenders, after being told they aren't going to get their money back, will now line up to offer new loans? They lost a fortune on bad loans to Mexico, Brazil and Argentina; the West's loans to Poland in the 1970s were made at a time when banks were floating in a sea of petrodollars. The situation now is entirely different because of the Federal Reserve System's new capital requirements for banks, which increase every year for the next three years. These requirements are difficult for many banks to meet, and force them to avoid "nonperforming loans" like the plague.

What about American government aid? The Bush Administration treats visiting Poles warmly but has coolly rejected Polish requests for money. When Bush visited the Gdansk shipyard last July, Lech Walesa asked him for $10 billion in U.S. aid. Bush offered only a minuscule $119 million, 1 percent of what the Poles—and Jeffrey Sachs—think they need. In the end Congress came up with $200 million. When Senator Bob Dole floated a trial balloon that involved increasing aid to Eastern Europe by cutting aid to Israel and other client states by a pitiful 5 percent, the proposal sank like a stone.

What about the Japanese? Will they invest in Poland? Not likely. They have always been averse to investing in high-risk situations; their favorite foreign investment is U.S. Treasury bonds. The Japanese automaker Daihatsu pulled out of talks with a Polish car manufacturer last month because of what the Japanese company called "economic chaos" in Poland.

Eighty percent of production in Poland is now in the state

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sector; under Sachs's shock therapy, those enterprises will be sold off to private investors as quickly as possible. How successful can such a massive privatization be? Margaret Thatcher holds the world record for privatization, but it took her a decade to sell off only a handful of state enterprises. Moreover, Thatcher's privatization scheme took place in the oldest capitalist country in the world. Poland seeks to sell off 100 state enterprises this year, most of them in bad shape. It isn't going to happen.

Strangely enough, the professor who convinced the Poles to follow Herbert Hoover rather than John Maynard Keynes doesn't consider himself a man of the right. "I see myself as a liberal Democrat," he told me in an interview. Just back from a trip to Poland in early May, Sachs remains relentlessly optimistic: Exports are up 20 percent compared with last year (Poland's worst year in recent history); unemployment has been exaggerated; the recent decline in Solidarity membership "is not indicative of its popular support"; the people "remain optimistic." (That same week the *Financial Times* reported "a growing sense of dread.") Asked whether Poland faces any significant problems, Sachs names only two: a possible slowing down of the privatization process, and Western creditors' reluctance to cancel debts.

Despite Sachs's enthusiasm, Poland faces a grim future. No doubt some Poles will thrive in their new world of private greed. The majority, however, are more likely to suffer—especially the industrial workers, the backbone of the old Solidarity, with its egalitarian ethos. The big factories where they work will be the first to close under the Sachs plan. But by the time Poles realize their future looks more like Bolivia than Beverly Hills, it will be difficult to change course. The left-wing Soviet writer Boris Kagarlitsky, who was recently elected to the Moscow City Council, argues that unemployment and economic decline will make the Polish working class, until recently so politically vibrant, more atomized and marginalized. Working-class resistance to the Sachs plan, he concludes, is likely to appear too late to be effective. Unemployed workers without unions to protect them may then turn xenophobic, anti-Semitic and dangerous. Jewish candidates in the May 27 local elections were greeted with "bursts of anti-Semitism," according to the *Financial Times*. If the fragile Polish democracy collapses into a right-wing authoritarian state in the next couple of years, Jeffrey Sachs and his capitalist shock treatment will share in the responsibility.

Since the shock treatment was first administered, Solidarity's approval rating in opinion polls has fallen—from 78 percent in November 1989 to 47 percent in March. Austerity may be a necessity for Poland today, but a socialist government would give working people democratic powers in the factories and cities and let them decide how to spread the burden so that the poor don't suffer more than the rich. Polish workers remain fiercely anti-Communist, but Jeffrey Sachs needs to remember that Poland today, more than any other country in Eastern Europe, is a workers' state. Polish workers were the first in Eastern Europe to bring down a Communist government; they could easily be the first to bring down a post-Communist government. □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS.

Art and Eros

MARK EDMUNDSON

SEXUAL PERSONAE: Art and Decadence From Nefertiti to Emily Dickinson. *By Camille Paglia. Yale University Press. 718 pp. $35.*

What would it mean to create an "erotics of art"? That, you may remember, is what Susan Sontag called for at the close of her famous 1964 essay "Against Interpretation." Most of that piece was given over to a polemic against the so-called depth analysis dominant in contemporary criticism. Sontag, whose own critical sensibility has always been rather remote, gave little indication then or later of what such an "erotics" would be like.

Enter, after more than twenty-five years, Camille Paglia. *Sexual Personae* is an erotic history of Western literature and visual art; written in a style both erotic and aggressive, it's the sort of criticism Sontag prophesied but didn't produce. Surely the time is right for such a book. Much academic criticism today is dominated by two interlocked and vulnerable assumptions: first, that human experience is largely determined by cultural forces; and second, that all cultural productions can be read as texts. These, to Paglia, are illusions, humanistic pieties. They deny the crucial role that nature plays in making us what we are, and compel us to encounter art—and life—in a falsely abstract way. For Paglia the best Western art, written works included, is compellingly visual, "eye intense." The current academic fixation on language (one can speak now of reading a painting, a film, a TV commercial, not just a book) is culture's attempt to domesticate the erotic and violent energies of art.

In *Sexual Personae*'s stunning second chapter, Paglia locates the birth of Western visual culture not in Greece, as art historians conventionally have, but in Egypt. "The Egyptians invented *elegance*," she writes. "Elegance is reduction, simplification, condensation. It is spare, stark, sleek. Elegance is cultivated abstraction."

Mark Edmundson teaches English at the University of Virginia. His book, Towards Reading Freud, *will be published by Princeton University Press in December.*

Egyptian high culture has been underestimated, Paglia goes on,

> because of the moralistic obsession with language that has dominated modern academic thought. Words are not the only measure of mental development. To believe that they are is a very Western or Judeo-Christian illusion. It stems from our invisible God, who talks creation into existence. . . . The most ancient conflict in Western culture, between Jew and Egyptian, continues today: Hebrew word-worship versus pagan imagism, the great unseen versus the glorified thing.

The Egyptian fixation on the image culminates in the glamorous, erotically charged world of the movies. To Paglia, all art worthy of the name aspires to the condition of cinema.

Is Paglia right? One test lies in her power to resuscitate art that has been shut up in the dry air of humanistic commentary. Here is H.W. Janson, one of the deans of contemporary art history, describing Donatello's bronze *David*: "The Middle Ages would surely have condemned it as an idol. . . . Nudity, clearly, is his natural state, although he resembles a classical statue only in his beautifully poised contrapposto. Donatello has chosen to model an adolescent boy, not a full-grown youth like the athletes of Greece, so that the skeletal structure here is less fully enveloped in swelling muscles; nor does he articulate the boy's torso according to the classical pattern." Note the effort to place the statue with reference to the Middle Ages, Greece, classical art. Janson doesn't see *David* as an object of intrinsic fascination; rather, he "reads" it as a sort of signifier in the text of art history. The work gets con*text*ualized. Whatever pleasure the piece might yield is quickly refined away by the academic discipline.

Might it not in fact be one of the social functions of historical criticism to discipline aesthetic pleasures? Do art history and literary criticism frequently strain to make us address in an exclusively rational way works aimed to incite our passion? Such questions don't usually turn up on the exam. Next slide, please.

Now Paglia on *David*: "David's contrapposto is languorously Hellenistic. The hand on hip and cocked knee create an air of sexual solicitation. From the side, one is struck by the peachy buttocks, bony shoulderblades, and petulantly protruding boy-belly. The combination of child's physique with female body language is perverse and pederastic. . . . The David's shimmery, slithery bronze is a frozen wet dream." For this, someone—though probably not H.W. Janson—might go a little out of his or her way to visit the museum.

Donatello's *David* is an image of the beautiful boy, one of the sexual personae Paglia identifies. These personae are erotic archetypes, figures that compel sexual fascination from all perceivers, whatever their professed erotic preferences. Paglia gets no little pleasure out of naming her personae: There's the male heroine (epitomized by Coleridge's ancient mariner); the vampire/*femme fatale* (Mona Lisa, Spenser's Duessa, Coleridge's Geraldine); the androgyne of manners (all of the "young lovers" in *The Importance of Being Earnest*, and naturally Wilde himself); the court hermaphrodite; the English epicene; the Gorgon; the Great Mother; the android; the manufactured object; Mercurius; and the Pythoness.

The personae are art's proper material, the primary colors with which Western artists work. It's up to artists of every age to recast the personae to respond to (and create) fresh human desires. Thus, the classical period uses the androgyne as a symbol for the contriving mind. Later, "the Renaissance recasts the androgyne in alchemical terms to represent intuition and the spiritualization of matter. Romanticism uses [it] to symbolize imagination, the creative process, and poetry itself."

But what, exactly, are the sexual personae in themselves? They're culture's variations on nature's incessant biological themes. Paglia buys Freud's dictum that "anatomy is destiny" and believes that male and female identities are pretty much given by nature. The glory of art lies in its power to extemporize fictive identities—the personae—that swerve away from biology's literal insistence on what we are. To Paglia, strong personality, as it is manifest in both art and life, is the highest cultural achievement.

Sexual Personae is more than a random quest for charisma, though. Paglia also has a grand plot to unravel, a plot that reaches its climax in the contention between two visions of nature, what one might call the sublimely nurturing and

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the sadomasochistic. Until the Romantic period, Paglia believes, Western culture sustained a salutary fear of nature's destructive, chthonian powers. Through antiquity and into the Renaissance, art acknowledged and propitiated nature. With Rousseau and Wordsworth everything changed.

Both Romantics saw nature as unremittingly benevolent. To Paglia that means they repressed its darker side. "This repression, approaching depressiveness, accounts for Wordsworth's lack of appeal to young readers, who are drawn to energy, not to mention lust." Wordsworth never sees nature as it is, never throws off the weight of repression; but Coleridge, Wordsworth's collaborator and friend, captures, or is captured by, the chthonian. His "Christabel" teems with all the forces Wordsworth denied: lust, perversion, sadomasochism, vampirism. From Coleridge descends the decadent line in Western art: Paglia follows with chapters on, among others, Byron; Shelley and Keats; Balzac; Gautier, Baudelaire and Huysmans; Swinburne and Pater; and Wilde, all leading up to Dickinson, who is designated—worshipers of the virginal poetess be forewarned—Amherst's Madame de Sade.

On the subject of decadence, Paglia is at her best: "Romantic imagination broke through all limits. Decadence, burdened by freedom, invents harsh new limits, psychosexual and artistic. . . . Art supplants nature. The objet d'art becomes the center of fetishistic connoisseurship. Person is transformed into beautiful thing, beyond the law. Decadence . . . is drenched in sex, but sex as thought rather than action." The decadent sensibility, Paglia implies, is authentic in part because it refuses to idealize nature. It reworks and refines the forces that Wordsworthian nature-worship unleashed in the West. Decadence never loses sight of the fact that giving up to nature means unconditionally surrendering to the erotic and the destructive drives. To Paglia, as to the later Freud, sexual desire is always bound up with the desire to dominate or to submit. Decadence ritualizes, and thus subdues, erotic violence.

The style of *Sexual Personae* is, in its own terms, decadent. Paglia's prose is an Apollonian recasting of chthonian truths. It's witty, pointed, aphoristic, swift and usually attractively aware of its own status as hypercivilized artifice: her voice descends, in other words, from Wilde. Paglia's first objective is provocation: She's out to seduce or inspire. But if that doesn't work, she's also happy to provoke scorn, derision, envy or disgust—anything to unsettle the torpid high regard that those who participate in intellectual culture so often sustain for themselves and for their prized canon of great works. Paglia says her method "is a form of sensationalism."

"Sensationalism" may not be all that bad a method, particularly when you compare it with the others now thriving in the critical marketplace. The latest Lacanian revision of the post-Marxist critique of culture is likely to be both derivative and opaque, an anxious collaboration between Echo and the Sphinx, to steal an insult from Coleridge. Paglia, at her epigrammatic best, relays her pleasure in perception and discovery, relays her remarkable energy of mind. The book is a dramatic monologue; the overheard voice is funny, resourceful, wonderfully associative. If there are deserts in the book—I disliked almost all of her material on American writers, though that may be because my idealizations of some of them are unconquerable—there are also lush bowers and ornate pleasure domes: the chapters on Egypt, Apollo and Dionysus, Italian art, de Sade, Coleridge, Byron and Wilde are brilliant.

Yet it's also true that this book works as, in Saul Bellow's indispensable phrase, a "contrast gainer." It's a red comet in a smog-filled sky. Paglia is right, I think, to say that Western criticism has systematically repressed the visual and the erotic in favor of somber meditations on the Word. And she's right that critics have too often submerged their own personalities into a weary and wearisome corporate voice, the better to accrue some momentary cultural authority. ("Art," Paglia optimistically quotes Wilde, "springs from personality, so it is only to personality that it can be revealed.") But Paglia's contention that vision and nature matter almost exclusively is as reductive as the claim by contemporary critics that almost everything boils down to language and culture.

Paglia, in other words, has found a part of the story that no one is telling. It's a splendid and exhilarating find, and makes for a brilliant book. But if everyone followed the lead of Paglia's sex-and-vision thesis (which they won't), in twenty years it would be time for an exhilarating, brilliant book on how it all actually comes down to language and culture.

Part of the pleasure of reading Paglia is akin to the pleasure of watching sports: suddenly everything is reduced to the play

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of two passionate but opposed forces. Complexities exist, but within a context that is always clear and simple. So in Paglia it's Apollo versus Dionysus, the celestial against the chthonian, and so on. But art does have a conceptual and linguistic dimension—even a moral one—and an account that ignores those, though it may well carry splendid shock effect, is likely to lack staying power.

It is probably worth remembering that the critical focus on the text and insistence on the open-endedness of every interpretation grew in part out of a general horror among postwar intellectuals at the popular fixation on glamorous images that was so central to fascism. To interpret an image—to "read" it as a text—is one way to avoid being mesmerized by it. Surely, it's ludicrous to conceive of every cultural phenomenon exclusively as a text, as many literary intellectuals have come to do; but it's also opportunistic not to see the measure of integrity still alive in that view.

Does criticism need dramatic reductions like the ones Paglia and the textualists practice? Does it need to translate experience exclusively into "reading," in the exalted sense that Derrida and others have conferred on that term, or into Sontag's and Paglia's "erotics"? This kind of allegorizing tends to take place, I think, when critics become convinced that criticism is the central genre of the age, something like what the novel was to the Victorians and the crisis lyric to the Romantics. Critical mythmaking occurs, in other words, when critics believe they have to encompass—and encompass overtly—everything that matters. Whether criticism, or any living critic, is up to so exalted a task is, to say the least, an open question. □

The Haunted House

CATHARINE R. STIMPSON

THE JOURNALIST AND THE MURDERER. *By Janet Malcolm. Knopf. 162 pp. $18.95.*

The Journalist and the Murderer is a slim book that has raised a hefty ruckus because of its chilly thesis: "The journalist must do his work in a . . . deliberately induced state of moral anarchy . . . [an] unfortunate occupational hazard." To get information, a journalist must gain access to people. To write up this information, he must betray their faith in him as a good buddy and sympathetic publicist. Journalism is a rough trade that trades off human solidarity for the chance to craft a powerful likeness of reality. *Trado, ergo sum*, not *Cogito, ergo sum* or even *Scribo, ergo sum*, is its existential slogan. In brief, the journalist must become a kind of murderer.

Journalists have endured harsher opprobrium than this. Think of Matthias Pardon in Henry James's novel *The Bostonians* (1886), a giddy lightweight of an interviewer for whom a person is but "food for newsboys." In 1978 the argument of Sissela Bok's ethical meditation, *Lying*, anticipated the worst of *The Journalist and the Murderer*. "Journalists, police investigators, and so-called intelligence operators," Bok wrote, "often have little compunction in using falsehoods to gain the knowledge they seek." Though a polite iconoclast, Bok found Carl Bernstein and Bob Woodward remiss for not acknowledging in *All the President's Men* the moral dilemma of telling lies in order to get at truths.

James was being satiric, while Bok was a philosophical investigator. Ironic, watchful, canny, Janet Malcolm assumes both those judgeships. She also serves as self-appointed diagnostician and therapist. "This book," the jacket flap promises, "examines the psychopathology of journalism." Malcolm believes in freedom of the press but not in its innocence. She deploys demystifying metaphors for the relationship between journalist and subject. In one, a figure of eros gone wrong, the journalist is a seductive confidence man who fleeces a "credulous widow." In another, a figure of family life gone wrong, during an interview the subject regresses to the blissful condition of a child with an all-forgiving mother. But then, at his desk, the writer becomes the "strict, all-noticing, unforgiving father."

Malcolm focuses on an aristocratic form of journalism, the long nonfiction essay. Her journalist is that anguished modern figure, the private detective stuck with reality; Malcolm specializes in the realities of an encounter between reader/text and interviewer/subject. Not for this book the bump and grind between the media and publicity offices; nor the sweat and flap of the daily deadline, be it for print or television; nor, on another level, the heroic crusades of an I.F. Stone or an Ida B. Wells. Nevertheless, Malcolm calls for the profession as a whole to achieve a stoical self-awareness about the impossibility of the profession, an intelligence that *The Journalist and the Murderer* displays and that its controversial first sentence extols: "Every journalist who is not too stupid or too full of himself to notice what is going on knows that what he does is morally indefensible."

None of this would guarantee a jolly ride on the press bus or a drink at the bar in the Holiday Inn of professional popularity. Moreover, Malcolm's investigation is a case study of epistemological difficulties. Like many vivid narratives about the travails of knowing, it involves the courts, an institution that the gods and the devils must have invented together during a wild, let's-really-get-the-humans night of revelry. For the courts are the arena of zero-sum games in which adversaries tell bitterly competitive stories to unpredictable judges and juries about a dramatic but enigmatic world. Those stories are simultaneously cognitive (Did X thrust a knife into Y?), moral (If so, is X a bad person?), legal (Which laws might cover X's alleged action?) and medical (Was X sane?).

Malcolm originally published *The Journalist and the Murderer* in *The New Yorker*. There she explored two interlocking trials. In 1979 Jeffrey MacDonald, a handsome doctor, was found guilty of the 1970 murder of his pregnant wife and two little daughters. Before the trial, MacDonald had hired Joe McGinniss, a celebrity journalist, as a member of his defense team in order to write a book about the ordeal. For the next four years, McGinniss led MacDonald to believe that this journalist was a friend who would exonerate him. To MacDonald's horror the book, *Fatal Vision*, as well as its film version sustained the jury's guilty verdict. In 1984 MacDonald sued McGinniss for fraud and breach of contract. A 1987 trial ended in a hung jury and a settlement.

On the basis of the 1979 trial material, Malcolm neither accepts nor rejects the "truth" of MacDonald as murderer. As agnostic about the belief in Nature as the Book of God, she writes, "It is like looking for proof or disproof of the existence of God in a flower—it all depends on how you read the evidence." With some interest she quotes Gary Bostwick,

Catharine R. Stimpson is University Professor and dean of the Graduate School at Rutgers University.

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MacDonald's lawyer in the suit against McGinniss, who carefully distinguishes between "knowing" whether or not a MacDonald is a murderer and "believing" that he is not. His trial then is less a "search for truth" than a "cathartic" release of tensions and differences. Indeed, our major trials are rituals that reenact deep social patterns of guilt and punishment, innocence and release.

Malcolm's fastidious professional skepticism leads to portraits of the intellectually and morally self-assured that are as edged and edgy as the Avedon photographs in which subjects posed in front of blank white paper: a writer and political scientist who testified against McGinniss; a psychiatrist who testified against MacDonald. Malcolm is even more sardonic about the certainties of psychiatric discourse: "Our standard psychiatric diagnostic nomenclature has all the explanatory power of the nomenclature of medieval physiology involving the four humors."

However, Malcolm can abandon the multivoiced statements of the agnostic in order to deliver an unequivocal judgment. Exploring her tense relationship with McGinniss, who emerges as less than ethically and psychologically kempt, she admits to the parallels between this relationship and his to MacDonald. Both journalists began to see increasingly unlovable subjects through the rude eyes of their legal opponents. Yet she finds McGinniss guilty of "crude and gratuitous two-facedness."

Next, in an "Afterword" that did not appear in *The New Yorker*, Malcolm admits to still another parallel between her career and that of McGinniss. In 1984 she too was sued—by Jeffrey Masson, the central character in her book *In the Freud Archives*. The well-known libel case, *Jeffrey M. Masson v. The New Yorker Magazine Inc., Alfred A. Knopf, Inc. and Janet Malcolm*, is usually abbreviated to Masson-Malcolm or "The Malcolm Case." In a variation on the theme of doubled and reversed identities, the hunting journalist became the hunted defendant; the writer of one text became a character in another, the legal document; and the powerless subject became the powerful plaintiff.

Retaining her poise during her self-defense, Malcolm describes such suits as therapy, a gratifying "law cure" for narcissistically wounded subjects that is healthier for writers than assassination on an ayatollah's order. More icily, Malcolm denies that she took up *MacDonald v. McGinniss* as a screened confession that she had wronged Masson. She is too sophisticated to note the vulgar coincidence of writing about two Jeffreys (MacDonald and Masson) and four names with the initials "J.M.," but that very sophistication should have instructed her to warn her *New Yorker* readers that their guide to *MacDonald v. McGinniss* had been the defendant in *Masson v. Malcolm*. For surely this experience gave her some expertise and authority. Such a warning would also have saved her a pack of trouble. With uncharacteristic vehemence, Malcolm refutes both Masson's accusations that she "fabricated notes and invented quotations" and the *New York Times* account of the case by Albert Scardino, now David Dinkins's press secretary. Yet she wearily recognizes that the same power of the press that she exercises as a journalist has branded her an erring journalist. She is "tainted—a kind of fallen woman of journalism."

The tale of the three caskets has attracted mythmakers, fictioneers, folklorists, Shakespeare and Freud. In *The Merchant of Venice*, a different drama about suitors and lawsuits, Portia's would-be husbands must choose among the caskets of gold, silver and lead. Perhaps in *The Journalist and the Murderer* trials have become a substitute for the caskets, a journalist for the suitors, the winning of "truth" for the winning of a wife. In the MacDonald case, equivalent to the casket of gold, Malcolm finds death—MacDonald's wife and children and his reputation. In the McGinniss case, equivalent to the casket of silver, Malcolm finds a fool, Shakespeare's "blinking idiot": McGinniss himself. In the Malcolm case, equivalent to the casket of lead, she finds her own portrait, though no gallant Bassanio has claimed that it is spun of sugar and gold.

The picture is that of a writer. To analyze it, Malcolm juxtaposes the overlapping genres of fiction, nonfiction, the letter, psychotherapy and law. With shrewdness and style, if without desperate originality, she asks about the ontological status of their respective characters and authors. So doing, she reiterates the modern romance of the novelist as hero. He "fearlessly plunges into the water of self-exposure [while] the journalist stands trembling on the shore in his beach robe." The shivers of the journalist, I might add, are akin to the goose bumps of the critic.

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Malcolm is smartly aware of the impurities of nonfiction. Only naïve readers are not. Yes, nonfiction is also covert autobiography, a projection of "the writer's most idiosyncratic desires and deepest anxieties." "*Masson*," she writes with a small, ironic flourish, "*c'est moi*." Yes, nonfiction has a fictive character, the "I," its "overreliable narrator." The uniqueness of McGinniss was not the discrepancy between the "I" of *Fatal Vision* and the McGinniss who signed a book contract but the fact that this discrepancy provoked a lawsuit. And yes, the journalist can touch up a subject's tape-recorded comments in order to convey their truth. Accurate prose is more shapely than a raw transcript.

Yet Malcolm will not collapse nonfiction into fiction. Adapting Henry James's figure of the "House of Fiction," she plays with the conceit of the "House of Actuality." The writer of nonfiction only rents this house and must live by the terms of his lease. He can bring in his own furniture, but he must leave the place the way he found it. The writer of fiction has "more privileges." "Master" of the house, he can rampage around, even tear the old manse down.

The passages about the "House of Actuality" are paths that lead to some difficult copses in this spare, lucid, clever book. Malcolm accepts an adulterated relationship between the writer of nonfiction and the techniques of fiction—for a reason. This coupling renders nonfiction more virtual and therefore more virtuous. However, Malcolm's argument retains the illusion of the existence of "the actual," an uncontaminated referent, a pure realm that exists *out there* and that our discourse has not already interpreted for us.

A metaphor for my meaning: I own a copy of *The House of Fiction*, Leon Edel's 1957 collection of James's literary criticism. A scalawag friend once wrapped it in the jacket of an edition of Vicki Baum's novel *Grand Hotel* that was issued after the film version. I gaze at the image of the gaze of Joan Crawford, John Barrymore, Greta Garbo, Lionel Barrymore and Wallace Beery. The jacket copy blares out, "Reader! Treat yourself to a glowing evening packed with moments of romance and excitement. Here is the story that has thrilled the theatre-goers, movie fans and readers of two continents."

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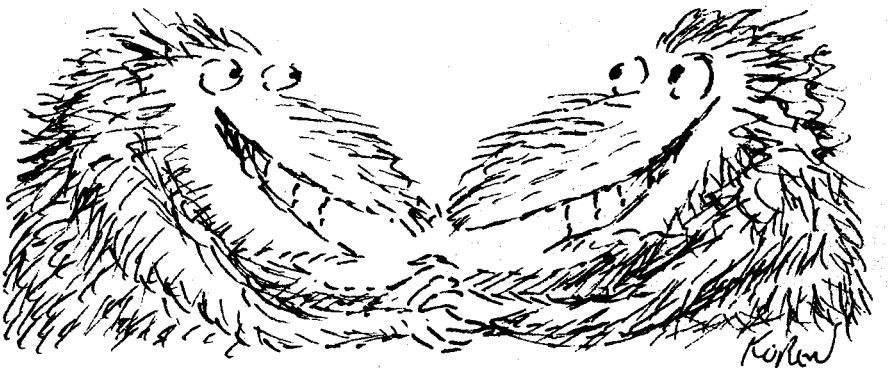

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actual this house might be, however actual my life within it, I cannot sense and interpret them *for themselves*. Instead, I sense and interpret my homestead through acts of language that cover acts of language that cover acts of language: such legal documents as my deed and mortgage agreement, such metaphors as the House of Fiction and the House of Actuality, such cross-media narratives as *Grand Hotel* and such drastic accounts as that of the MacDonald family in their apartment on the night of a triple murder.

Obviously, postmodernism has been the voice box for this quaver. Feminism is the voice box for my next: Malcolm masculinizes the act of writing. All writers are "he." A "master" throws his weight around the house of actuality. Malcolm might shrug and call me persnickety, but her tone-deafness about gender blunts her ability to hear and tell her story.

Two examples. Malcolm describes the friendship between McGinniss and MacDonald as "of a particularly American cast, whose emblems of intimacy are watching sports on television, drinking beer, running, and classifying women according to looks." This is not particularly American, but particularly male American. How masculine was the world of the MacDonald defense team? How might this have influenced MacDonald's sense of betrayal? Malcolm tells of a male interviewer who asked McGinniss if he was going to treat Jeffrey MacDonald as he had Richard Nixon in an earlier book, to "be . . . in his confidence . . . and then run it up his butt sideways." In theory the metaphor of the anal rapist might be applied to bullies of both sexes, but fear of the homosexual anal rapist is particularly male. How masculine is the world of journalism? How does this shape reports about the House of Actuality? And responses to responses to these reports?

Emily Dickinson's "Poem 1400" is a mordant lyric about epistemology. "But nature is a stranger yet," she writes. "The ones that cite her most/Have never passed her haunted house." A modernist text, *The Journalist and the Murderer* finds human nature both strange and a stranger. It suspects any commentator who cites human nature without self-interrogation. It offers little consolation to writers of some integrity who devise "counterparts to real life." Such writers do what they must, but some blood will fleck the keyboards of even the wisest among them. □

MUSIC.

GENE SANTORO

Public Enemy

If you strut into a party carrying an Uzi, even a plastic replica, you're gonna get noticed. That image encapsulates the approach, calculation, triumph, delight, limitations and predicament of Public Enemy. They've provoked culture pundits as well as commentators who normally don't waste ink on popular phenomena, bringing on a tidal wave of pronouncements about an attitude, a handful of interview quotes and a truckload of hype. That's why I had stayed out of the controversy.

By now, Public Enemy is almost more mirror than entity. The group's attackers and defenders alike often bypass the music for vague sociological analyses based on their preconceptions, fears and hopes. Rarely do you find a simple statement like this: Their second album, *It Takes A Nation Of Millions To Hold Us Back* (Def Jam/Columbia), released last year, was an inventive, astonishingly varied and textured collection of musical challenges that greatly expanded on the promise of their debut, *Yo! Bum Rush The Show* (Def Jam); their most recent follow-up, *Fear Of A Black Planet* (Def Jam/Columbia), stands above most competition but doesn't live up to P.E.'s full promise.

The music and its quality should not be irrelevant to the debate raging around Public Enemy. Hip-hop, born in the black ghettos of Brooklyn and the Bronx from the dub toasting and sound systems of Jamaican immigrants, is that startling thing, a new way to imagine sound. Looping, defacing and recontextualizing isolated snippets ("samples") from old records—a bass line's rumble, a horn section's punctuation, a guitar's shrieking wail—D.J.s who work turntables replace bands as sound sources. Left out of the high-priced music wars by their lack of access to sophisticated equipment, the early 1970s black street musicians, like their graffiti-artist contemporaries, reshaped a form by using what was cheap and available: turntables, old records, manual dexterity. They molded shredded musical history into new shapes within a single tune behind a singsong, usually macho, deep-voiced, street-style poetry that descends from the dozens.

In the hands of early rappers like Grandmaster Flash and the Furious Five, that style had social and political teeth: Their 1982 hit "The Message" was an indictment of the economic and social decay accelerated by Reagan's policies. But raps of the lighter sort—variants of the usual teen-tune posing—were generally what made it into the commercial mainstream. After a decade as the African-American equivalent of garage bands and as the soundtrack of the streets and illegal clubs, hip-hop hit the big time and the big labels with tunes like Run-D.M.C.'s "Walk This Way," which reworked the old Aerosmith proto-metal smash.

Turbulent density has been Public Enemy's main sonic contribution to hip-hop. Three-dimensional sounds, raw and cooked, are crosscut with the zigzagging speed of a dial twirling on a cosmic TV on P.E. tunes like "Bring The Noise." In it, leader and chief rapper Chuck D., with typical self-awareness, underlines hip-hop's pivotal role in recent music history despite the prejudice it's encountered:

> Beat is the father of your rock'n'roll/Music for whatcha, for whichin', you call a band, man/Makin' a music, abuse it, but you can't do it, ya know/You call 'em demos, but we ride limos, too/Whatcha gonna do? Rap is not afraid of you/Beat is for Sonny Bono, beat is for Yoko Ono.

As even that brief sample indicates, P.E.'s lyrics turn on a reprise of 1960s black power and Afrocentrism; they speak for and to a generation of increasingly disfranchised young black males. Yet, for all the street poses essential to hip-hoppers, the most successful, including Run-D.M.C. and Carlton Ridenhour (Chuck D.'s real name), come from middle-class backgrounds filled with most of the same pop music, car cruising and TV and movie images that their white counterparts experienced. In fact, according to Chuck D., Public Enemy's early audiences were largely white—undoubtedly at least partly as a result of that cross-cultural assimilation and understanding.

While P.E.'s first album was sonically adventurous, Chuck D.'s lyrics opened up on the second, which brought more complex and ambitious political statements into play—and thus manifested some of the other contradictions facing not only Public Enemy but American pop culture. Their first record sold over a quarter-million copies with little promotion, but their next album hit the 1 million mark, and CBS, their distributor,

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backed the group's P.R. reps with cash as they began pouring on the hype. They exploited the group's black-nationalist politics to sell product by, for example, organizing extensive media coverage of P.E.'s 1989 "solidarity" appearance at New York's Rikers Island prison.

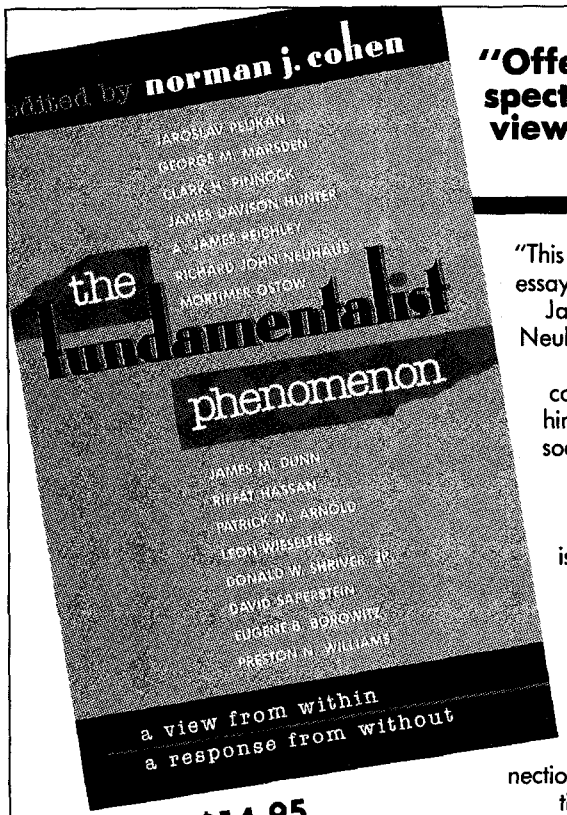
Then the group's Minister of Information, Professor Griff, parroted a Louis Farrakhan line of anti-Semitism during an interview published in the Moonie-owned, right-wing *Washington Times* on May 22, 1989, saying, "Jews are wicked . . . [and responsible for] the majority of wickedness that goes on across the globe." He went on to say that Jews had financed the slave trade and that they are "responsible for what's happening in South Africa." He wondered whether it's "a coincidence that the Jews run the jewelry business and it's named jewelry."

All hell—if hell is where pundits are properly stored—broke loose in the media. The shadowy Jewish Defense Organization, which claims 3,000 members, announced a boycott of P.E. and sent a group armed with baseball bats and chains to P.E.'s management offices. (Fortunately, if comically, they had the wrong address.) The J.D.O., along with other Jewish organizations, also peppered record company execs and retailers with fliers reprinting Griff's incendiary remarks. In retaliation, Chuck D. announced first that the group was disbanding, then that it was not disbanding but was preparing its third album and would boycott the record industry (how was unclear), and finally that Griff was dismissed. For a month, Chuck D.'s position on all three points seemed to change with each bulletin.

Griff, who grew up with Chuck D., was P.E.'s in-house ideologue and media brain. An Army veteran and martial-arts freak, he also trained and led the Security Force of the First World (SIW), which brandishes plastic Uzis onstage at P.E. shows while doing martial-arts steps that look like doo-wop moves—a weird parody of the Black Muslim Fruit of Islam that metaphorically merges entertainment and politics. Griff, an adherent of Farrakhan's Black Muslim beliefs, as is Chuck D., is the kind of one-dimensional nationalist white liberals and conservatives need: He is what they claimed Malcolm X was.

But a comparison of P.E. with Malcolm is vital and revealing, although enormously to Griff's—and P.E.'s—disadvantage. A vocal contingent of young African-Americans, which P.E. has helped nurture, has become increasingly Afrocentric culturally. In that sense, they're among Malcolm's heirs; they self-consciously voice his contentions that black Americans must elevate their own values, build their own economic bases and understand that worldwide political and social movements against ruling powers are inextricably linked because they all confront Eurocentric racism. The Black Muslims, including Malcolm, identified with the Arabs of the Middle East, an anti-Zionist alignment that fed into an already existing resentment in certain segments of African-American communities like Harlem toward the Jewish retailers, real estate owners and bankers who were a visible face of white oppression.

That's part of the historical context for the inflammatory remarks that got Griff kicked out of Public Enemy. A month after Griff's interview was published—a month of vacillation that fueled the media fire—Chuck D. held a press conference and announced Griff's formal dismissal: "The black community is in crisis. Our mission as musicians is to address these problems. Offensive remarks by Professor Griff are not in line with



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Public Enemy's program. We are not anti-Jewish. We are pro-black, pro-black culture, and pro-human race. Griff was to transmit these values. He sabotaged this. We are not here to make enemies but to say that the system is the enemy. To use the mechanism that you're fighting against definitely is wrong."

Then came an astute, self-imposed silence, during which "Fight the Power," P.E.'s anthem for Spike Lee's highly charged film *Do the Right Thing*, climbed the charts. (Chuck D. says now that the reason for his silence was to take the heat off the movie and Lee.) Next came "Welcome to the Terrordome" (Def Jam/Columbia), their most recent single. It contained the following lines, which have been read as a defense of the group and the now-departed Griff and a reiteration of anti-Semitism:

> Crucifixion ain't no fiction/So-called chosen frozen/Apology made to whoever pleases/Still they got me like Jesus/I rather sing, bring, think, reminisce/'Bout a brother when I'm in sync/Every brother ain't a brother 'cause a color/Just as well could be undercover/Backstabbed, grabbed a flag/From the back of the lab/Told a Rab get off the rag/Sad to say I got sold down the river.

Not surprisingly, the song's release reignited the controversy.

So, is Public Enemy anti-Semitic? It's hard to imagine a lyricist as smart as Chuck D. being unaware that those words resonate with age-old attacks on Jews. Is Griff? Definitely, and antiwhite as well—as is his replacement Harry Allen. Allen has been circulating a version of Elijah Muhammad's "scientific theory" that all races derive from the black race as a result of evil experimental grafting. According to this view, associated with Washington psychiatrist Frances Cress Welsing (whom Chuck D. has endorsed), whites' lack of pigmentation marks them as genetically and psychologically inferior, which they make up for by oppressing blacks. (Malcolm X rejected idiocies like these while retaining his belief in black nationalism.)

Perhaps more to the point, justifications of the kind Chuck D. used for Griff and his own lyrics would never be accepted by African-Americans as an excuse for antiblack remarks. But as Malcolm himself saw, that's a problem with certain aspects of black-nationalist ideology: In the hands of rhetoricians like Public Enemy it can justify black racism. But black racism holds no higher moral ground than any other, and it is dangerously double-edged: Witness the flare-ups in Brooklyn between Caribbean immigrants and Korean grocers, the beneath-notice-by-leftists cracks about "Guidovilles" in the wake of Yusuf Hawkins's murder, the stereotypes shaping Spike Lee's *Do the Right Thing*, the claims by some black musicians that jazz and rock and roll are all-black forms, which ignore their indelibly mulatto nature.

White racism in the United States has deep historic roots and is uniquely systematic. Unlike other immigrants, African-Americans were brought here by force, and there's no denying that blacks, especially young black males, are stuck at the bottom of the socioeconomic heap. That remains Public Enemy's main point, and it's been validated over recent months by the barely submerged racism in print and television discussions about hip-hop in the wake of the P.E. controversy.

One of the most outrageous manifestations was *Newsweek*'s diatribe, "The Rap Attitude," which ranted against hip-hop ostensibly because of its sexism, racism and disrespect. Since heavy metal, mentioned only in passing, covers precisely the same ground—one reason, in fact, that rappers have used metalloid backing and samples for nearly a decade—you

ALL SOULS' MORNING

Jittery light, scraps of wind, the monotone of rain.
Is it the thrushes moving across the poor cloth
Of grass that brings my grandmother to the margin
Of memory?—I'd come from classes twice a month

To eat with her. All those women, moving in unison,
Fitting and stitching. Clattering machines. "Piece-work,"
My grandmother called it. She's back at work again,
Tethered this time to her husband's death. In the dark

She rises to cook breakfast for two. Later she dusts
His pictures, habits of grief shaping her round of days.
She tends the dead the way these cows in their pendulous,
Plodding way cross from unlit barn to field, that haze

Of expectation always in their wet eyes. They stand
And feed, nuzzle the short, depleted grass into milk.
Mornings I bring my small faith to the close at hand;
Just now the blued iridescent wing of a common rook

Offers itself to my eye. Sparks of flinty sun.
Gone in rain's let-downs. Glimmerings and blurs.
On time, the co-op tractor stops in stubborn rain,
Here to collect the morning's milk. A widow, two doors

Down, will invite the driver in for tea. "They'll marry,"
My neighbor's said, his eyes kindling with the thought
Of their rising again from hurts. And him, he's "lucky
To have a good job"; he waves hello now through the mist

And I see again how his face, reddish-yellow, is raw
From the chemicals he handles. After his lungs gave
Way to asbestos-crazed cells bred thirty years before
In the rat-grey dark of a second job he had to have,

My grandfather said, "Hell the pay was good and when
I'd come up from the dark, the cars and dirty roads
Were never brighter, never as clear." Wind and rain,
Smoke and mist, spots of rain interceding like words

That rise up at oddest moments to make the world
Always there suddenly apparent. Quick as breath,
The hours go by, a rook sweeps sideways on wind,
Threads a needle's hole of light as if on faith.

The world keeps moving to its tasks, random with pain,
Rich with surprise. The tractor's gone off with the milk,
The cows turn to shoots of grass raised by the rain,
I write: in backlit mist, the thrushes' feathers are silk.

Robert Cording

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don't have to be African-American to wonder about the author's biases. "Having an attitude," huffs writer Jerry Adler, "means it's always someone else's fault: cops who disrespect (or 'dis') you when you walk through a housing project with a gold chain that could lock up a motorcycle. . . . "

Besides racism, another prejudice here is generational. Hip-hop, like heavy metal, is seen as having less depth and resonance than, say, the Rolling Stones because it's not the creation of the postwar generation that imagines itself, in retrospect, to be the repository of history and taste. "OK, here it is," Adler pontificates, "the first important cultural development in America in 25 years that the baby-boom generation didn't pioneer: The Culture of Attitude"—as if rock and roll wasn't always about sex and provocation and adolescent attitude! Check out any video of swivel-hipped Elvis with his bedroom sneer, Mick Jagger peacocking across the stage in imitation of James Brown, lascivious Jimi Hendrix dropping to his haunches, flicking his tongue and flailing his guitar phallus.

In fact, the 1960s were also a time of contradictions: the re-emergence of racial and economic segregation as earlier political and cultural coalitions shattered (giving rise to, among other movements, black nationalism); the Beatles and Stones, among countless others, getting their starts in the highly commercial project called rock and roll by covering black sounds for a white audience; the Youngbloods' "Get Together," Sly and the Family Stone's "Stand!" and James Brown's "Say It Loud—I'm Black and I'm Proud" sharing the airwaves with Staff Sgt. Barry Sadler's "The Ballad of the Green Berets," the Guess Who's "American Woman" and Merle Haggard's "Okie From Muskogee." Despite the love-and-peace image of Woodstock, the 1960s were highly polarized, and the music reflected that.

In the years since, polarization has been exacerbated by government policies and politicians' strategies. Is it surprising that the generations that have come up under expanding racism, sexism and violence reflect them? How can they be held responsible, when they've been taught by mayors and presidents? Is it their fault that their schools are poorly funded, that their textbooks are dully simplified, that they've inherited a culture increasingly commercialized and regimented by a handful of international conglomerates that, for instance, make and sell over 96 percent of the recordings available in the United States?

Public Enemy recognizes and, to its credit, tries to educate listeners about some of those problems. Take "Burn Hollywood Burn," which attacks racial stereotyping in the media. But the same tune embodies P.E.'s internal contradictions: The middle section by guest rapper Ice Cube degenerates into rank sexual boasting. That's all too typical of the slack lyrics on *Fear Of A Black Planet*. Dwarfing Chuck D.'s and Ice Cube's poetic failures this time out, though, is the larger, continuing problem P.E. has created. Its salient positions—the need to empower African-Americans, to rewrite standard histories to accommodate non-northern European achievements, to undo cultural stereotypes—are inevitably undercut when they themselves perpetuate antiwhite mythologies and stereotypes about Jews, women and gays. Take "Meet the G That Kills Me," which deals with AIDS by saying "man to man/I don't know if they can/From what I know/The parts don't fit/(Ahh shit)."

It's our loss if P.E.'s points get buried in the noise instead of raising real debate, but in the end it's only rock and roll, and

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- **DOUGLAS HAIG:** presided over British forces and was held responsible for their monumental slaughter.
- **PHILIPPE PÉTAIN:** symbolized France's victory but became a painful reminder of the country's collapse and collaboration in WW II.
- **WALTER RATHENAU:** a Jew whose visionary brilliance as a statesman blinded him to the festering anti-Semitism of Weimar Germany.
- **ANTHONY EDEN:** the personification of British pride whose government engineered the Suez disaster, the death knell of the once mighty empire.

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it's all good for business. From CBS's perspective, carrying a plastic Uzi into a party gets you those looks, and those looks sell product. So now political provocation has become a marketing tool. Witness this recent CBS publicity release:

> Music is about change, revolution, forward progress. . . . With the release, in 1987, of their first album, *Yo! Bum Rush The Show*, Public Enemy became, instantly, the most important Black spokespeople in America. . . . The main theme of *Fear Of A Black Planet* is confrontation. . . . There is widespread acknowledgment that society is reaching a boiling point, what with crumbling governmental systems, homelessness, drugs, gangs, the decentralization of Black life and culture. In sixty minutes of *Fear Of A Black Planet*, Public Enemy supplies uncanny insight and, who knows, possible solutions.

Who knows, indeed: As a friend suggested when he read this, the most obvious "possible solution" is to buy the album. It would be the final sad irony if Public Enemy's activist rhetoric is used as just another sales pitch. □

EXCHANGE

(*Continued From Page 878*)

ized health and benefit systems that have greatly increased the quality of life in countries that implement even partially socialized systems. When we had a child in Europe after having the first here and saw the wide range of prenatal care, government-supported health incentives, payments for nursing and home care, and subsidized pre-and postnatal treatments we understood just how far we have to go in our own country. *Mark A. Bernheim*

DORRIS 'DUMBFOUNDED'

Cornish, N.H.

Perhaps it is because I am in philosophical agreement with much of Katha Pollitt's recent article "A New Assault on Feminism" that I so resent her misrepresentations of *The Broken Cord*. Pollitt's views come as no surprise—indeed, long before my book was published she objected, according to a mutual acquaintance, that a man (me) presume to even write about issues pertaining to pregnancy and alcohol. Nevertheless, I am dumbfounded at her distortions.

For instance, Pollitt states that I have "nothing but contempt for Adam's birth mother," then she goes on to fabricate a sentence that I never wrote: "Adam's mother 'decides' to have a baby; . . . she 'chooses' to drink out of 'weakness' and 'self-indulgence.'"

What I *did* say, on page 193, is as follows: "Brenda's words . . . reflected the larger reality, where victims are victims of victims in an endless linkage that's been smithed by history, by racism, by economics, by bad luck. There are so many avenues of indignation and sympathy, so many people who are not themselves to blame. But finally I couldn't completely grant the blanket pardon that was implied. A person who lives in the world, no matter what his or her social or psychological context, seemed to me more accountable than a baby who had not yet been born. To some degree, a choice, no matter how buried its trigger, had been made by one party in this sorrowful transaction and not by the other. My ultimate allegiance was to that person Adam was not allowed to be, to the baby carried by every woman who wouldn't—or who couldn't—stay alcohol-free for nine crucial months."

Pollitt sneers at the ideas of the "social worker" I "sympathetically" quote, but neglects to mention that this woman is a lifelong and respected resident of the reservation community about which she comments, a native speaker, a person who has worked compassionately with alcohol-addicted mothers and their children for more than a decade. Yes, her experience has led her to tough conclusions that Katha Pollitt (and I) don't like to think about, but who are we to be so superior?

Finally, Pollitt claims that I blame "the feminist movement" for the rise in female alcohol consumption on Indian reservations, and sees this as proof that for me "fetal rights is really about—controlling women." Here is what I actually said (page 91): "Some pointed to the rise of the equal rights movement, to politics that encouraged women not to bow to any pressures, peer or otherwise, that seemed to discriminate between the genders. *More convincing to me, however, was the subtle argument that increasing rates of female drinking derived from a greater overall rate of alcoholism within society.*" (My emphasis.)

The Broken Cord is the story of one unfortunate little boy, not an antifeminist tract. (Certainly Gloria Steinem didn't think so when she proposed to produce a network television movie based on the book!) Fetal rights are about human beings, at least half of them female, who will be carried to term, and about their freedom to live lives full of choice—an impossible dream for the rising number of drug-impaired babies. According to one recent survey, upwards of 11 percent of all infants born in the United States in 1988 tested positive for cocaine or alcohol immediately after birth. A New York City Health Department official estimated that births to drug-abusing mothers had increased there by about *3,000 percent* in the past ten years.

Why? Some causes are obvious. Only one residential treatment program (Odyssey House) for pregnant women exists in New York, where the State Assembly Committee on Alcoholism and Drug Abuse estimated that "12,000 babies will be born addicted in New York City in 1989, and the number of chil-

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dren in foster care has doubled in two years from 27,000 in 1987 to more than 50,000 today, mainly because of parental drug abuse." Sixteen percent of all American women who give birth have had inadequate prenatal care—increasing to 33 percent for unmarried or teenage mothers, 30 percent for Hispanic women and 27 percent for black women. "Treatment for women," according to Representative George Miller, "is virtually nonexistent."

A prenatally drug-impaired baby is destined for, at best, an adult life of sorrow and deprivation, and at worst, for a fate governed by crime, victimization and premature death. But fetal alcohol syndrome is preventable—it need not happen, ever again. Women and men working not at odds but together can make the future better. If any goal is truly our common concern, surely this is it.

Michael Dorris

POLLITT REPLIES

New York City

My essay on "fetal rights" called forth a great many letters from *Nation* readers, spanning the spectrum from roses to raspberries. Thanks to everyone who wrote.

Readers will remember the case of Angela Carder, the pregnant cancer patient who died after undergoing a court-ordered Caesarean. In a stunning 7-to-1 decision, the U.S. Court of Appeals for the Washington, D.C., Circuit has ruled that the original decision was wrong: A pregnant woman has the same right to refuse medical treatment as anyone else; furthermore, forced Caesareans give the unborn more rights than the born, who cannot compel others to have surgery for their sake.

On to Michael Dorris, whose silly and rather desperate use of anonymous gossip shows he knows he's in trouble. As I recall that ancient conversation, our acquaintance told me that Dorris had "forbidden" his wife to drink while pregnant, to which I replied something pompous like "I don't think husbands have the right to *forbid* their wives anything." I did not say, nor do I believe, that men ought not to write about alcohol and pregnancy, and in my article I cite men and women on both sides of the fetal-rights debate. Readers can decide for themselves if Dorris's attempt to smear me as a spiteful man-hater supports my charge that *The Broken Cord* is antifeminist.

It is interesting to note that Dorris fails to respond to most of the points I raised against his book. He is silent on his support for imprisonment of pregnant drinkers, and he neglects to mention that jail and forced sterilization are among the "tough conclusions" reached by the social worker he so much admires. (Dorris's own position on forced sterilization is ambiguous—as well it might be, given the incredible history of sterilization abuse practiced upon Native American women—but I think it's fair to say that it seizes his imagination in a way that making birth control and abortion universally available does not.) Nor does he defend his quite extraordinary view that Indian women get pregnant to boost their government checks—another "tough conclusion" that we are supposed to accept just because he has reached it.

In my article, I discussed the misuse of scientific studies to support prevailing social biases. Dorris succumbs to that temptation in his book and does so again in his letter. Readers should know that the 1988 study he cites does not say that 11 percent of newborns tested positive for cocaine or alcohol, although it is frequently reported that way in the news media. The study found that 11 percent of new mothers queried said that they had used illegal drugs (most often cocaine, but also marijuana, and definitely not alcohol) at least once during pregnancy. That statistic, should it hold up, is disturbing. But it does not tell us how many babies tested positive for drugs or how many (a different thing) are impaired. (As far as *Nation* researchers have been able to discover, no national estimates have been published.) Someone who, like Dorris, believes that anything less than total abstinence is child abuse may find this distinction academic. But not all drinking and not all drug use harm every fetus and, given the current climate of hysteria, that is a fact we should keep in plain sight.

As a personal account, *The Broken Cord* is moving and even powerful. As social analysis, it is muddled and contradictory, either because Dorris has not digested his research or because he does not wish to be fully identified with his more reactionary ideas. Thus, on page 91 Dorris can seem to reject feminism as the cause of increased female drinking, only to embrace it on page 146:

> Thanks to concerted political effort, women have made statistical gains vis-à-vis men in such areas as salary parity and education, and have achieved greater leadership roles in business and government. However, the process of discarding oppressive and stereotypical roles has not been universally beneficial: liberated of external sanctions discouraging their participation in what were previously guarded as exclusive "masculine" domains, women are now "free" to do, and increasingly are doing, just as much harm to their bodies by use of drugs and chemicals as their male counterparts. But there is a key, biologically based difference. Drunk expectant fathers may, at least as far as it is currently known, hurt only themselves and those unfortunate enough to get in their way; drunk expectant mothers can grievously and irreparably cause harm to their unborn infants.

As this quote makes clear, Dorris sees feminism as a crucial cause of increased drinking among women, and thus in conflict with a woman's biological role as mother. That women should be controlled, restricted

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and subjected to special standards because only women get pregnant is the standard modern antifeminist argument, now that quoting St. Paul is out of fashion. That argument lies at the heart of the fetal-rights agenda—from which, I note, Dorris does not distinguish his own position, and to which his line of thinking naturally leads.

Dorris is unhappy with my use of quotes in presenting his views on the birth mother of his adopted fetal-alcohol-syndrome son and women like her. To tell the truth, I'm not happy with it either. He didn't say "decides," he said "chose" and "elects"; he didn't say "chooses," he said "a choice . . . had been made." "Weakness" and "self-indulgence" I got right though. The sentence in which those words appear is not presented as Dorris's, however, but quite clearly as my own rather sarcastic summary of his thinking, which to my mind fantastically exaggerates the options available to impoverished addicted women immersed in a culture of violence, ignorance and despair.

I'm glad that Dorris and I agree about the need for universal prenatal care and for more and better addiction-treatment programs for all women. We are not, however, in any kind of philosophical agreement. For Dorris, the important question is, how morally culpable was his son's birth mother, and how angry is he entitled to be? Over the course of his book, he decides that she was pretty damn culpable, and that he has a right to be very angry indeed. He then uses his rage and his pain to bully the reader into accepting coercive measures, as if everything else had been tried, and caricatures those who would protest: They haven't suffered; they value civil rights more than babies; they shrink from "tough conclusions." It may be asking too much to expect dispassion from Dorris, given what he has undergone. But when do we get to discuss those tough conclusions on their merits?

For me the important question is, How do we as a society help women have wanted pregnancies, healthy children, decent lives and their full measure of human rights? I believe that the way I frame the issue offers real hope to both women and children, and that the way the fetal-rights advocates frame it—How do we protect fetuses from women?—will result in a great deal of injustice (indeed, it has already done so) without making a dent in the dismal health of America's children.

Most of the industrialized West sees the problem the way I pose it, and finds the American obsession with jail, punishment, court-regulated pregnancies and forced medical treatment bizarre. I wish Dorris had said that he finds it bizarre as well. *Katha Pollitt*

CORRECTION

In Robin Munro's "Who Died in Beijing, and Why" [June 11], the Hong Kong Student Federation member was Kenneth Lam.

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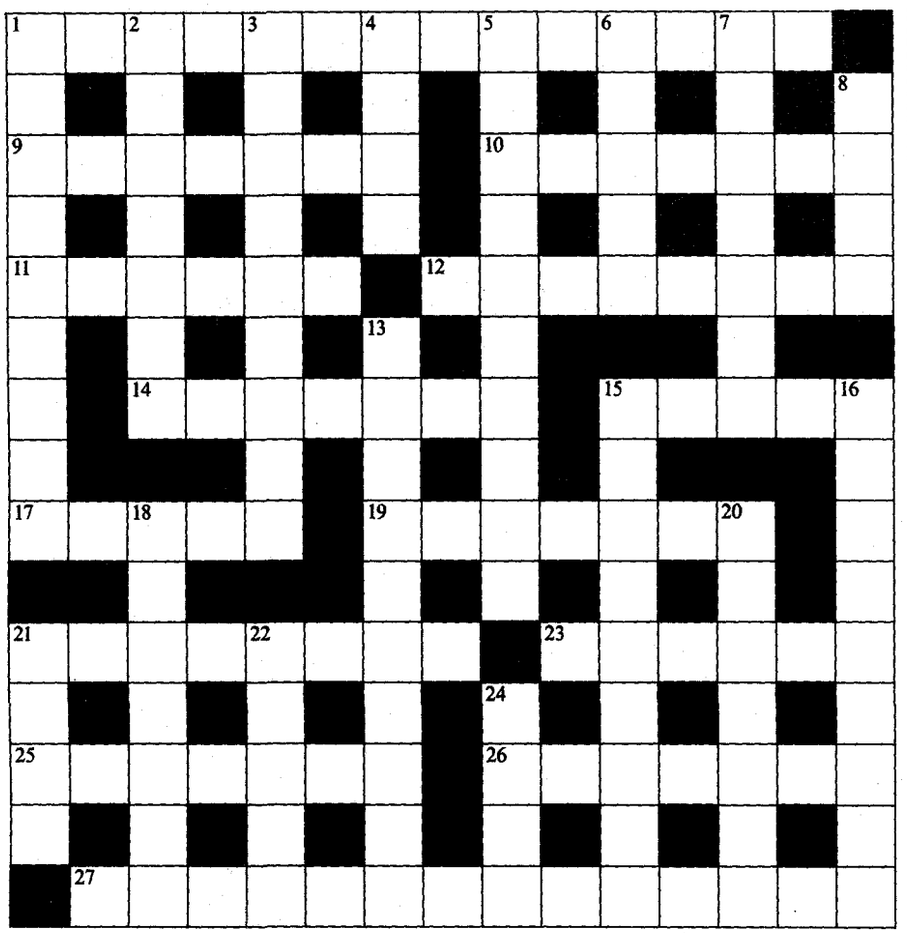

ACROSS

1 What the boastful might do is popularly very good accompanied by a bunch of lions. (5,4,5)
9 Is "pull" revealed in the summary of the article? (7)
10 Toss the ball to Mr. Lamb, along with a flower. (7)
11 and 23 He didn't get the vote of the majority, like Mr. Moynahan, alternatively get in trouble with a form of it. (6,6)
12 and 22 Making a noise, and full of ennui, one hears, with something put in by the fiddle maker. (8,5)
14 The first letter isn't to the lady evidently someone else . . . (7)
15 . . . while this goes after the first letter, and gets eaten. (5)
17 Part of a step I deliberately take is not so hot! (5)
19 The sound of the horn around the cruelest month shortly should be a good support for growth. (7)
21 Why the headwaiter turned everyone away, even though important people. (8)
23 See 11 across
[illegible] Seasoning for the blue-water sailor? (3,4)
[illegible]art of an essaying pair, plus one offspring. (7)
[illegible]uch times as one might start out for Dover, as [illegible]ey once said. (6,8)

DOWN

[illegible]d 21 down In place of not eating where the [illegible]onster might be, have a little faith! (13)
2 Turn the sea into a trouble spot for Gorby! (7)
3 Land interest acquired has old Lee confused. (9)
4 See 24
5 Flower that turns with the sun, aptly named. (10)
6 How to steal, not getting out, like a proper good fellow. (5)
7 Everything passes around it, and wastes some time. (7)
8 Some say a big one was responsible for the creation of the hair in front. (4)
13 Idle talk carries a lot of weight for a poet who died young! (10)
15 Sort of dropt a description of Concord Bridge inside, and therefore stuck out. (9)
16 The day of November first implies a total population of the good people. (3,6)
18 The old Finnish town has favorites I love in the classical way! (7)
20 What a crooked senator might be guilty of? (7)
21 See 1 down
22 See 12 across
24 and 4 Inherited, as the entrant did. (4,4)

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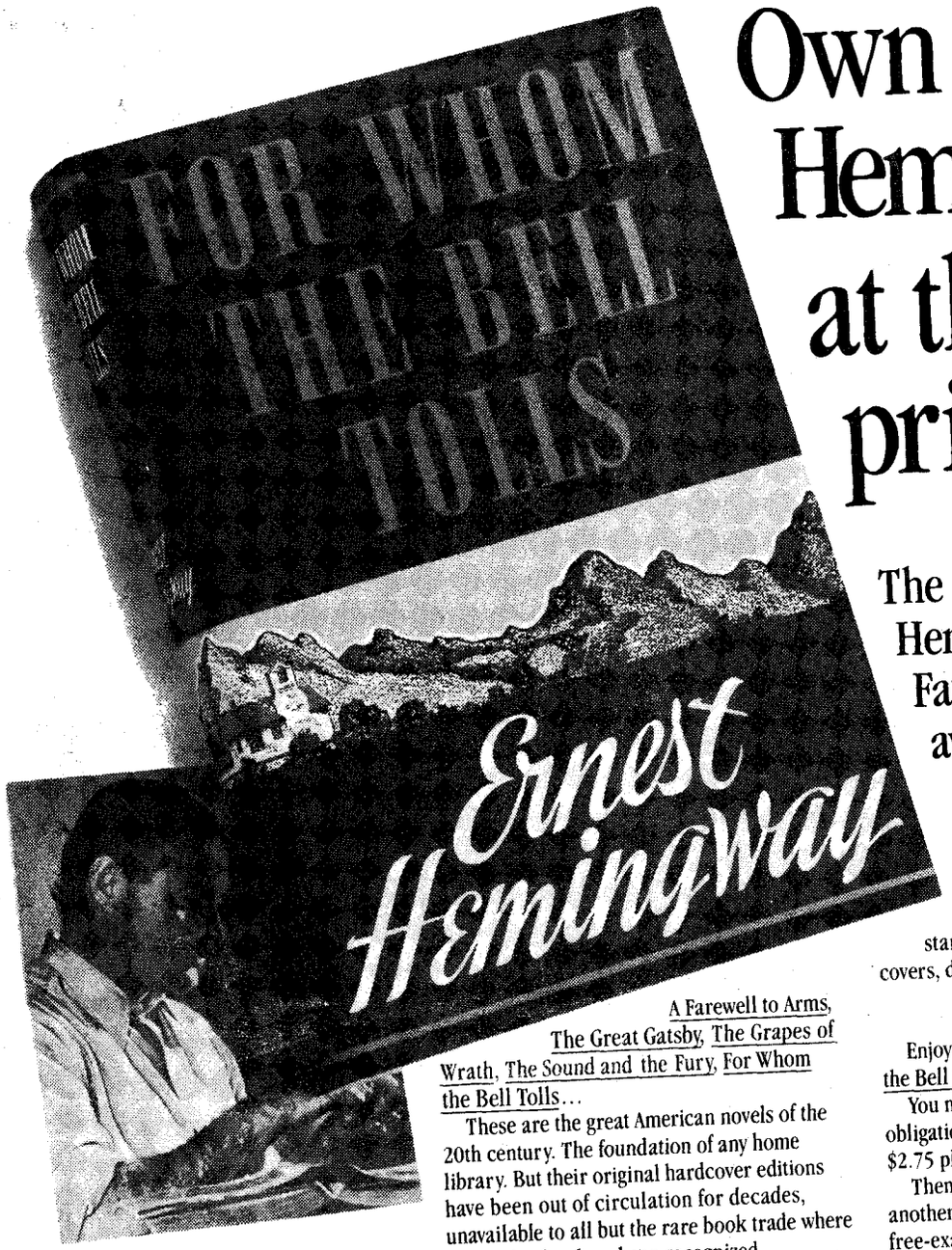

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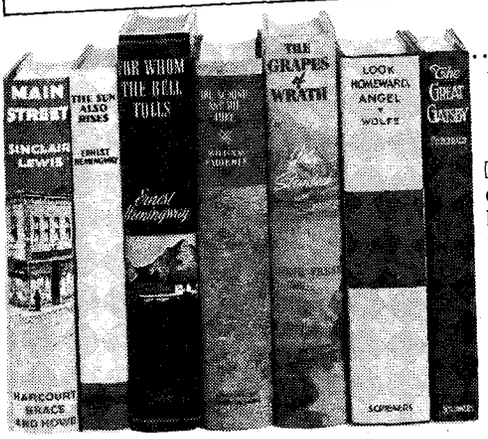

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